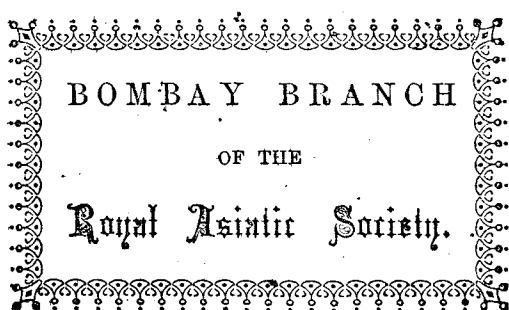


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Common Thoughts

ON

Serious Subjects:

BEING

ADDRESSES TO THE ELDER KUMARS OF THE
RAJKUMAR COLLEGE, KATTYWAR.

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ac

BY

CHESTER MACNAGHTEN, M.A.,

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To

Kumars Ramsinghji of Sihor, Ranjitsinghji of Jamnagar, Shivasinghji of Mundetti, Giga Wala of Bagasra, Akherajji of Wala, Mansur Khachar of Jasdhan, Madarsinghji of Sayla, Madhavsinghji of Wadhwan, to whom these addresses were originally spoken,—and, through them, to all the Kumars of my College,—the following pages are affectionately dedicated.

‘Only that which goes from the heart can work upon the heart.’ They who heard me can best understand me. They know that I have spoken from the heart to them : God grant that, if what I have said be true, their hearts may receive the truth as from Him.

C. M.

1st September 1887.

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The Presence of God.

એકજ દેવ સર્વ પ્રાણીને વિષે ગુપ્ત રહેલ, સર્વ વ્યાપક, સર્વ પ્રાણીના અંતરાત્મા, કર્મના અધિષ્ઠાતા, સર્વ ભૂતમાં વસનાર, સર્વનો સાક્ષી અને સર્વને ચેતન આપનાર છે.

શ્વેતાશ્વતર ઉપનિષદ.

“One God, one law, one element.”—

Tennyson.

13th February 1887.

WE see each other every day and talk of the things which are all around us,—of the things of this beautiful visible world and of all that belongs to it,—and we talk as if these things alone were all that concerned our lives. But all the while there are in reality other things far more important than these; spiritual things, not of this world, not visible; things which concern us beyond this world, which concern the life that knows no end.

I think it will be good for us sometimes to think of these other things together. I think such thoughts ought to make us all better. And this is the special reason why we are all brought together here in this College,—in order that acting one on another we may make one another *better*: not only wiser in knowledge, but better also in heart and in life.

And what do we mean by being *better*? We mean something which we all understand, and which is one and

the same for us all. Thank God, howsoever our religions may differ, we are all agreed concerning the meaning of what is good and what is bad: and, when we talk of being *better*, we mean that we shall approach more nearly to that ideal standard of the good which is the same for you and for me. So we will dwell upon those points which we have, thank God, in common, and not upon our differences.

In these our quiet conversations I want, if I may, to bring each Sunday* one or two thoughts before your minds, to ask you to think over them in quiet and to try to act upon them, so that their effect may appear in the outward behaviour of your life.

And the thought which I have chosen for to-day—for the first of these conversations—is the realization of God's holy presence. If we could realize, as we believe, that God is with us, and in us, always, I think we should all be much better than we are.

We all alike believe that God exists. I may say, we are sure of it. Whether His name be Parameshwar, or whether His name be God, we all believe that there is one omnipotent holy Creator of all things, who is not only King over heaven and earth but also the Father and loving Protector of us and all whom He has created. We believe that whatever is good and pure, whatever is holy and true, comes from Him, who alone is perfection; and that all that is good in us He cherishes and loves, and all that is bad He hates and resists.

* These addresses were all delivered on Sundays; but only because Sunday was our day of leisure. They are not intended for one day, but for all.

We believe too that there is something divine in each one of ourselves, the અતરંગી within ourselves; and this we may call the voice of conscience, or the voice of God. This અતરંગી exists, I believe, in every human being in every part of the world: it has been called the light which gives light to every mortal man: it is the light which sheds a glow on the path of duty, and prompts each man to follow *that* path. And would that each man would obey its prompting! But we know that, besides the voice of conscience, there is a sinful nature in man, which leads him to follow his own desires and the vanities of this transient world. And the pursuit of these worldly aims tends to deaden man's heart towards God, and to stifle the voice of conscience, which is the voice of God, within him.

Now I say, Let us do all we can to keep our consciences clear of stain, to keep them bright and pure and divine; so that the allurements of this passing world may not draw us aside from God, but that we may live near to Him, as ever in His holy sight.

- If we could only feel God's presence, I am sure we should not be so prone to sin. If we could only feel God's
- presence! Think for a moment:—Feel God's presence! Could anything be more wonderful, and more grand? For what does it mean? It means that the great and holy God, of infinite goodness and wisdom and might, is ever near us, to help and guide us, as a father helps and guides his child. In everything that we do, we may make Him a partner. In everything that we say, we may speak with His voice. In everything that we think,

we may think with His mind and heart. I mean that in all our actions, in all our words, and in all our thoughts, we may have Him with us, and then we shall be kept from sin. It is when we forget that He is with us—and how sadly often we forget! do you think we *ever* really remember Him?—that we are led into sin. Do you think, if you remembered that God was with you, standing by, hearing all you say, that you would ever dare to deceive? Do you think, if you felt that His eye was upon you, that you would ever waste your time? Would you ever say an angry or unkind word, if you felt He was listening? If you were conscious of His holy presence, could an impure thought ever enter your mind? I do not think we should ever do wrong if we realized how near to us all God is, and that, as a father loves his child, so He watches over and loves us, His children.

So the thought which I want you to take away to-day is the thought—‘God sees me : God is with me. Whatever I do or think or say, He knows all. And He sees me, not only as the Highest and Holiest, but also as my Father and Friend. Let me therefore live close to Him, though unseen; and ask Him to help me in *all* my difficulties. Nothing is too small for Him, as nothing is too great. And with Him I shall be strong and good, while without Him I can do nothing good, but only stumble and fall.’ If you so think of Him, He will help you : of that I am quite sure.

So will you try to think of His presence? And every morning this week, as you rise, will you say to yourself, ‘Thou, God, art with me’? And again at night, when

you go to bed, have the same thought in your mind? And will you also try to think of Him sometimes during the day? Perhaps you might get yourself into the habit of thinking of Him whenever the bell rings. Such simple helps are often very useful, acting through the senses on that which is spiritual; and, though they may seem to belong to this world, yet they lead towards heaven and that which is holy. Even so the commonest things of the world, the ordinary round of our daily duties, may become to us divine, if we make them so.



Faith.

"Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."—

Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

20th February.

I SPOKE last Sunday of God's presence, and of the blessing which we should derive from a consciousness of His nearness to us always. I said we should try to think of Him not only as one whom we fear to offend, but also as a loving guardian and friend, ever ready to hear and to help. And I said that the thought of that holy companionship, if it might really possess our souls, would keep us from sin, and would raise our humanity in a way in which nothing else can.

I said, too, last Sunday that we believe, that we are assured, that God exists. I think I may even add of us all that we *know* that God exists. To us the fact has become so certain, so much a part of our daily lives, that we never doubt it, that we never wait to prove it. Could we prove it, if we tried, in the way in which ordinary facts are proved, either by appealing to common reason or to our bodily senses? No, we certainly could not do so: because the nature of God is infinitely higher than the reason of man, and because God is for us invisible, not to be seen by mortal eyes or touched by mortal hands. Nevertheless, as I said last Sunday, there is something within,

which you call *ଅନ୍ତରୀକ୍ଷ*, which does in nearly every case seem to tell us what is our duty, what is right and what is wrong; and this is what I called our conscience, the voice of God within us, a voice which the more we listen to it seems to grow louder and clearer and diviner; a voice which to me more than anything else is a reasonable proof that God exists. I do not say that this is proof of the same kind as that of Euclid's propositions; but I say that it is proof that satisfies me, that it is supported by the notion of a God which has been inherent in human nature from the beginning of time, and that it is strengthened by the reasonable presumption that the wonderful order and system of the universe can hardly be a combination of self-developed forces, but that the vast system of law around us must be due to the operation of a Divine Law-giver, who reigns over all.

And there is another consideration, closely allied to this of conscience. I mean the consideration of our will. Is our will free, or is it not free? Can we choose to do what is right or wrong, or are we the blind victims of fate? Does each act as he does, because he so chooses; or does he so act, because he *must*, in accordance with the natural laws of a Universe of Cause and Effect? * If everything be mere cause and effect—if there be no God, no conscience, no will—there can be no such thing as moral responsibility or moral guilt. If we must, we must; and there is an end of right or wrong. We are no longer men, but puppets, pulled by the irresponsible

* I do not know if you can quite understand me. But I am speaking as simply as I can. And, if you do not understand me now, I hope you will understand when you are older.

fingers of fate. My friends, I do not believe it, and I strongly advise you not to believe it. The common sense of the world does not believe it, for everywhere the common sense of the world has held men responsible for their actions, has treated them as beings whose wills are free.

And our wills *are* free: we know it: bound only by conscience; and, so bound, they are freest.

But, if our wills are free, and if, being morally independent, they impress their force, as we know they do, on surrounding matter, may we not reasonably believe—for we must believe where we cannot prove—that there is one Moral Will over all, a Will which governs all matter, of which our wills are part? Men may call it the First Cause, or what they please; but let us be reverent, and call it God. If there is no will, no morality, no sin,—you see we are brought to a practical absurdity.

Yes, let us believe in cause and effect and the wonderful order of the natural world. But let us believe in them as proceeding from God, who is their centre and source. They are “but-broken lights” of Him.

This belief in God, though we cannot see Him, though we cannot sensibly *prove* that He exists, is what we call Faith. Faith enables us to accept as certain something outside the range of our vision, and beyond the experience of our bodily senses. And true faith implies not belief alone, but the conduct which naturally ensues from belief. Therefore, if our faith in God be true we shall act in accordance with that faith; we shall delight to keep Him in mind; we shall delight to do His service. Have we, my friends, faith of this kind? We say that we all believe

in God: do we *act* as though we believed in Him? Is not our faith sadly cold and weak? Do we not often, for days and days, forget altogether that God is near us? Do we not take the good things of this life as if they were the outcome of our own efforts, and not the gifts of His goodness and love? Are we not, in the illusion (माया) of this world, prone to forget that He exists, and to think that the things which we see around us are all that we need to labour and live for? I am afraid that this has been the experience of most of us: and, if so, I say that, while we profess to have faith in God, we are living without God: we are living not by faith, but by sight.

We may exercise faith in common matters—and we often do so—as well as in this greatest matter of all. We constantly believe, and act on our belief, in things which we have not seen. We accept things credible in themselves, even though we have not *proved* them, on testimony which we deem to be credible. You believe, for instance, in the existence of England. You have seen it marked in the map: you have heard and read of it: you have talked with people who have come from England. And these things assure you that England exists, although you have never seen England yourselves. The more, too, that England remains in your mind, the more you read and think about England, the more conscious will you be of England's existence, the more will that existence exercise an influence on the converse and acts of your every-day life.

It is even so with faith in God. For faith, like other things, is strengthened by use; and, the more we think

of God, the stronger will our faith become. If we really *desire* to think of Him, the habit will come easily. But, alas, our desires turn so naturally from the things which are unseen to those which are seen, from the thought of God to the thought of the world, that we find that without some special helps we are almost sure to fail. Of such helps one kind is almost mechanical,—the recalling of ourselves to a sense of God's presence by some mechanical or formal act,—and of this I spoke last Sunday. And this formal act leads us to a higher and spiritual act,—the act of prayer,—of which I hope to speak more particularly on Sunday next.



Prayer.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Tennyson's Morte d'Arthur.

27th February.

LAST week I spoke of Faith, and I said that Faith is the assurance which we have of the existence of unseen things of which we have had no visible experience. I said, too, that we practise such faith in ordinary matters of life. We are sure, for instance, that England exists: we are sure that the earth is round: we are sure, if we go in a certain direction, that we shall see the Himálayas. We believe these things, though we cannot prove them, because we have very good reason to believe them: so, I said, because we have very good reason, we believe in the existence of an unseen God.

I wish to-day to speak about Prayer. And this naturally follows close on our consideration of Faith, of Faith in God. For what is Prayer? It is nothing else than talking

or holding conversation, with God. And if we truly believe in God, we shall surely feel it a glorious privilege to be constantly, as it were, asking His counsel, relying (as it were) on the help of His hand, watching (as it were) for His approving smile. We shall feel that to have such companionship with us is to have Heaven here upon earth.

So, also, what I said in my first lecture concerning the realization of God's presence is closely connected with what I say now: for so to feel God's presence is, in the highest sense, to pray. And when I said we might lead ourselves by an act of habit to the thought of God, that we might make out of the ringing of a bell a divine voice calling us into His presence, by that too I meant an act of prayer. To be thus constantly mindful of God in our daily lives is indeed to pray.

But we may be reminded of God's presence,—and many of us are reminded often,—without ever praying at all. We may even neglect the common means in the way of us all to remind us of Him. We often use God's holy name, and say, 'God knows,' 'God prosper you,' 'By God's mercy,' 'Good-bye' (which means, you know, 'God be with you'), and yet we do not think about God, even while we utter His name. When we say, 'I am, thank God, very well,' do we really thank Him in our hearts? And often and often we see plain signs reminding us of the uncertainty of life, of the thinness of the veil between time and eternity, of the veil which hides His presence from us; and yet we go on as though these great events made little or no impression on our minds. Yet, as surely

as I am speaking to you now, these events are messages from God, messages whereby He calls us to Himself. I may speak of one such message which has come to us in this past week. Last Wednesday, you know, an Arab servant* was suddenly summoned away from the midst of us. He seemed in his ordinary health and strength, when suddenly he fainted and fell, and five minutes later a lifeless body was all that was left of the strong man we knew. His body was left; but where was his soul? We believe that in that sudden change his soul had gone from this world to God. Gone to God, and gone for eternity! That is a wonderful thought, if we think of it. Gone for ever to be with God! The same might have happened to each one of us. It might have happened on Wednesday. It may happen to-day, or at any time. If it happened, should we be ready? The death of this Arab should indeed warn us all of the great uncertainty of life, of the certainty, sooner or later, of death, of the nearness of God in whom alone we can live the life which is never destroyed. Have these thoughts been brought to your minds? If so, have they brought forth any fruit,—any resolutions to live hereafter as in His pure and holy sight, so that you may be ready to meet Him when He is pleased to call you away? If you have made resolutions of this kind, then you have learnt from this event the lesson which God has meant it to teach, the lesson that we should live nearer to Him, that we should live a life of prayer.

* Jemmadar Amar, an Arab guard in the service of Kumar Bhausinghji of Bhaunagar, fell suddenly dead (of heart disease) while conversing with a friend in the Colloge on February 23rd.

To live a life of prayer is to live in submission to God's will, to take whatever comes as from Him, to take our blessings as His good gifts, our sorrows as part of His training, and to feel that, whatever happens, He is still over all, our Father and Friend.

We may tell God anything, we may ask Him for anything: all our secrets, all our desires, all our hopes and fears, we may confide them all to His all-wise and tender heart. But in disclosing to Him our wants we must not expect that He will grant us what is not according to His holy will. If we selfishly ask Him to gratify some evil passion or earthly desire,—to give us, it may be, wealth or fame or other worldly advancement,—we must expect that He will refuse. To ask for such things is not really to pray, or to unite our minds with God; but rather to separate ourselves from God and to unite our minds with the world. In all our prayers to God—and I said we may ask Him for whatever we please—we must couple with the prayer, 'Not my will but Thy will be done.' We must feel that what we wish is not good unless He wishes it too. So to pray will give a wonderful calm, a wonderful comfort, to our life,—a feeling that, whatever be our lot, we are in the highest and holiest guardianship: and a brightness and joy in the assurance, 'I have told God all: He knows and He loves: this is His will: and His will is best.'

There are some things (1) which we may pray for doubtfully, and (2) which we may pray for with certainty. In the former class are included all those operations of nature which are under God, but in general under a

system of law, which is, we believe, the expression of His will. The law of cause and effect is observable in all nature, and it seems to be the will of God: therefore, though we are sure that He, if He so wills, may alter that law of His own, yet we cannot suppose that He will change it at the blind desire of one of us mortals. And what, if in such a case one mortal prays one thing and another the very opposite? Suppose that one farmer having a certain kind of crop is anxious for moisture, and prays for rain; and another farmer, having a different crop, for which rain would be bad, prays for fair weather. Both may be equally good men, and both may be equally earnest in prayer: but can the prayers of both be answered? Or suppose, in the case of a war, both sides pray for victory: one side must be victorious, and the other side must be beaten; but are we therefore to conclude that God has heard the prayer of the victorious side, and granted it victory because its cause was right? I do not say that God does not give victory to the better cause. But I say that God is a God of order, and that what He does He does in accordance with His own will for the good of all: and that therefore we are not to suppose that He can ever be swayed from that will by one-sided selfish petitions like these. We may make such petitions, if we please; but such petitions are not true prayer, nor can we expect them to have direct answers.

What things, then, may we pray for with certainty that we shall receive them? We may pray for everything that is holy, that is divine, that is like God. These are not the things of this world. They are not money, or

land, or honours, or worldly fame; they are not even knowledge or wisdom. But they are all that we mean by goodness in man or woman or child: they are all the qualities which make man good, and worthy to live with the highest and holiest, as we hope after death to live with God. These are the qualities of the heart and mind, which, in the richest and fullest sense, God alone can give, for He is their centre and source. Purity, holiness, truth, gentleness, the love of our fellow-men, self-sacrifice, these and all other similar qualities are the gifts of God; and these are the gifts which we know He will give us if we ask Him for them.

Now I hope in our future conversations to talk to you about some of these qualities, which are indeed of inestimable importance, and to consider them separately. But in these opening conversations it has been my wish to establish a basis on which I may rest what I say hereafter; and therefore in these first three discourses I have spoken of faith in the presence of God, and of prayer which must naturally result from that faith, because I am persuaded that morality without God must at the best be a poor feeble light, like sickly moonbeams compared with the sun, and that man by himself can do little or nothing, but strengthened by the Holy Spirit of God he may do higher and nobler actions, even in these degenerate days, than any which are recorded among the achievements of the greatest heroes of old.

Duty.

ધર્મ સર્વ પ્રાણીને આશ્રય છે, ધર્મમાં સર્વ રહ્યું છે, માટે ધર્મને શ્રેષ્ઠ કહે છે.
તૈત્તિરિયારણ્યક.

જે આચરણને આર્ય પુરુષો વખાણે, તે ધર્મ, અને જેને નિંદે તે અધર્મ
કહેજાય છે.

આપસ્તંબ ધર્મ સૂત્ર.

6th March.

W^E are all agreed that there is such a thing as duty. We all believe that there is a course of action which is our duty, which is due from us, because it is right. If at any time we ask what our duty is, honestly seeking to do it, we shall find an answer, the best of all answers, in that voice of conscience within us all, to which in my first lecture I referred as a something divine, as a voice from God.

Duty then for each one of us means what we ought to do. It does not mean exactly the same for us all: for of course the duty of a parent is different from that of a child; the duty of a Thakor Sahib is different from that of a Rajkumar; the duty of a teacher is different from that of a learner; the duty of a soldier is different from that of a cultivator. Still there are duties for us all, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, men, women and children; every one of us has a duty, and the duty of each one of us is of two kinds, (1) a duty to God, and (2) a duty to man.

I may say that these two-fold duties of us all resemble, in a higher sense, the two-fold duties which a child owes firstly to his parents and secondly to his brothers and sisters. For we are all as the children of a vast and universal family, of which we all alike are members, and of which the great Head is God. And just as the child, as in duty bound, should love and obey his earthly father, so we should love and obey, in the highest sense, Him who is the Father of all. And just as the child loves his brothers and sisters, so we should love our fellow-men.

Now what is our duty to God? We cannot see Him like an earthly parent, but we can believe in Him by faith. We can love Him with all our hearts, because of His loving care for us. And we can strive to please Him in all things, in all that we do bearing Him in mind, just as a child is ever striving to please the parent whom he loves. This, then, is our duty to God: to believe in Him, to love Him, and to serve Him, with all our might and with all our mind. Of this duty to God I have spoken already, in the three former addresses. It cannot be said to be an easy duty, for it requires a vivid faith. And faith, in this world of sense and sight, demands on our part great watchfulness and care. But, as I have said, we may train ourselves by practical means to grow stronger in faith, and the best of these means is prayer. And of this much I am sure:—if we once have real faith in God and His Presence (and this I have put as the first part of our duty towards Him), then the other two parts of that duty will follow. If we truly believe, we shall easily love: if we love, we shall thankfully serve.

I turn now to the second part of our duty,—and this part comes close home to us all,—our duty towards our fellow-man. This may be summed up in the short sentence :—We should love our neighbours as we love ourselves. We should act towards our fellow-men as we should wish them to act towards us. We should seek not for our own pleasure but for the pleasure of others. It should be our greatest happiness to make others happy. This duty, too, is not easy : but nothing is easy which is noble and good, and we must not be daunted by difficulties : there is nothing which we cannot overcome with God's help. This duty to our fellow-man is not easy, because our sinful natures are prone to selfishness, and blinded by selfish aims and desires we are all too much disposed to forget our fellows and to think only of ourselves. And often in the pursuit of our own unholy advancement and worldly ends we not only do no good to our neighbours but even do them harm.

But now, I say, let us henceforward try—and let us ask God to help us—to think more of others and less of ourselves. Resolve to act kindly towards all around you. Resolve to *think* kindly of them also. Perhaps in this • College we are specially prone to neglect our duty in this last respect. Yet, my friends, in such a society as ours kind and charitable thoughts are our special duty : each one of us should feel that the honour of his companion is more important than his own. Your duty here to one another is to be affectionate, unselfish and kind, giving up what you would enjoy in order that your friend may enjoy it, finding your happiness in the happiness of others,

looking on the best side and not on the worst, believing the best and forgiving the worst. My friends, if you so behave in this College, then each one of you may even here,—here, as a boy, in his daily life,—be like an angel on earth, and a messenger from God among men.

Have you so behaved? Have you, when you heard unkind stories, refused to believe them? Have you tried to prevent their circulation? Or have you rather liked to believe them and to repeat them to others? Have you rejoiced when others are praised? Have you found more pleasure in pleasing them than in pleasing yourselves? Have you always been fair and honest in games? Kind in word and deed to those younger than yourselves, dutiful and obedient to those who are older? Have you, in short, tried to act towards all as you would wish them to act towards you, in a spirit of generous sympathy and love? I leave you to answer these questions, which I likewise must answer myself. Would that we could answer them in the affirmative! They are questions which all should put to themselves, wherever they may be placed: but I think they are specially applicable ~~to such~~ as are placed as we are in this College.

Another question specially applicable for you who are here to be under training is, Do I do my duty towards my superiors, to those who are placed in authority over me? Am I obedient to them, and respectful? Do I do as well as I possibly can all that they tell me to do, all that they give me to learn? It is clearly your duty here, to make the utmost possible use of the advantages here set before you, set before you by those who wish only for your good,

and whom you are in duty bound to obey. It is not only neglect of duty, but it is great ingratitude and folly, to refuse to take advantage of these opportunities; and, believe me, I only speak the truth when I say that all who in early life have wasted the opportunities of school have always in after years come to regret the unwisdom of such behaviour.

So I want you to-day to take these two thoughts, and to think of them often during the week. (1) It is my duty to be kind to all, especially to my College companions; not to repeat or listen to stories which may do them harm or discredit; not to tease or to laugh at them; but to love them and seek to win their love, and, if they have wronged me, to forgive them. And (2) it is my duty to do my tasks, my daily College tasks, as well as I can, and to please those who are set over me by my diligence and good behaviour. For they are placed in authority over me as the servants of God for my good, and in pleasing them, and in doing my duty, I am in truth serving God.

Thus we are led to a perception of the fact that the two-fold duty of which I spoke at the beginning of this address,—duty to God and duty to man,—is but one and the same duty after all, and may be comprehended in the one word Love. Love to God and love to man is the whole duty of us all. If we have love, all else will follow. He who has God's love in his heart will surely be kind to his fellow-men: but love of God can hardly exist unless we have love of our neighbours first. It is through the love of our human brethren that we must

learn to love the divine Father: for, if a man love not his brother whom he has seen, how shall he love God whom he has not seen? This indeed is the meaning of the beautiful poem, Abou Ben Adhem,—perhaps 'you know it,—with which I conclude.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

Truth : in word.

સત્ય વડે વાયુ વાય છે તથા સૂર્ય આકાશમાં પ્રકાશે છે, સત્ય વાણીની પ્રતિષ્ઠા છે, સત્યમાં સર્વ રહ્યું છે માટે સત્યને શ્રેષ્ઠ કહે છે.

તૈત્તિરીયારણ્યક.

20th March.

WE may consider truth in three aspects, truth in our words, truth in our deeds, truth in our thoughts: and to consider the first of these aspects—speaking the truth, or truth in our words—will be enough for us to-day.

Do we always say what is strictly true? I am afraid that some of us, when we find it convenient for some petty purpose to substitute falsehood for truth, do so without much consideration of the great harm thereby done to our souls. For every departure from the truth is like a festering wound, turning that which was wholesome into disease, that which was righteous into sin. Every such wound tends to make us more and more the children of evil, less and less the children of God. Why is this? ‘Surely,’ you may argue,—for so I have heard an Indian boy argue, but I think he must have argued against his own conscience,—‘surely, if by telling a lie I benefit myself while I do harm to no one, I shall be right to tell the lie which does no harm but only good. If I do no harm to others, may I not rightly tell a lie to save myself from disgrace?’ My friends, if you have reasoned in this way, you have reasoned to your own destruction.

For such a lie, more than anything else, tends to the destruction of your noblest self; and, while you may outwardly seem to flourish, you are inwardly perishing, dying away; living for this world, dying from God. For, as I said, every lie which is spoken is as a wound to the soul, a wound which tends to kill it. And what do I mean by killing the soul? I mean that that part of us which is divine, and which keeps us in holy communion with God, is so scarred and marred that it loses God's image: and so we are severed—we sever ourselves—from Him who is the Health and the Life of our souls. For Truth is of the very essence of God; and, if we depart from the truth in anything, we depart from God; and in departing from Him we depart from all that is really worth having, from all that is really precious and good. You see then what a poor thing it is to tell a lie, and what a wretched exchange we make when for the sake of some small worldly gain, such as gaining money or avoiding punishment, we wilfully sever ourselves from God. I have wished to set Truth on this foundation, believing, as I sincerely do, that this is its surest and truest foundation; that Truth is divine, and that God is truth, and that therefore, to whatsoever extent we sever ourselves from the truth, we to that extent sever ourselves from God, and dim His light in our hearts.

Therefore, as we have the high privilege of calling ourselves the children of God, we must hold it our duty, our highest duty, to speak the truth. For only by strict regard to the truth can we keep close to Him, who is all

Truth Himself, and with whom no shadow of falsehood can live. This is what I may call the divine side of Truth, and in my opinion it gives us the reason why we should reverence the truth above all things. He who loves the truth loves God, and lives in God, and God in him. He who tells lies cannot love God.

Truth has also a human and social side; a side which concerns our neighbours. And all philosophers and moralists declare that without truth the world cannot go on; that, at any rate, in all social relationships and all business contracts, unless we keep our word one with another, society cannot be held together. And, therefore, in every civilized country, the government has had to make laws which bind people to keep their promises and to be faithful to their engagements: the marriage-laws are laws of this kind, and so are all laws concerning contract and trade. If any one wilfully breaks the promises publicly given he is publicly punished.

But can it *ever* be good for society that we should on exceptional occasions act exceptionally, and, for a good object, say what is not true? In such a case would not the good intention make the false word a good, though not a true, one? To that I can give only one answer. That which is untrue can never be good, because that which is untrue can never be God's will. At every time, in every circumstance, to speak the truth is best. Though to us the consequences may *seem* to be unfortunate, we may safely leave them in God's hands. This I believe to be the true teaching:—‘Let us speak the truth always, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth’; and

in so doing we shall keep near to God, and benefit our fellow-men. This indeed is the path which leads to honour even in this our transitory world, as the Persian poet signified when he said he never saw a person lose himself on the straight road.

راستی موجب رضای خداست
کس ندیدم که گم شده از راه راست

This is also the path which leads us above the concerns of this world to the gate of Heaven, for, though all else in this world may perish, the truth will abide eternally.

After the above lecture there was some conversation in reference to the point raised near the end of it, as to whether, on special occasions, a departure from truth may not be allowable, may not even be right. Kumar Rámsinghji of Sihor brought forward a passage from a good little book, the *Sabodh Rudramálá*,* in which it is stated that lying is sinful, and that

* The passage alluded to was as follows —

આશીર્વાદ સાચું બોલવું, જૂઠું બોલવું નહીં. કેમકે જૂઠું બોલવું એ મોટું પાપ છે
જૂઠું બોલ્યાથી ઇશ્વર અને વિશ્વ બંને નારાજ થાય છે, ને તેથી જૂઠું બોલનારને પરિણામે દુઃખ
થાય છે.

the truth must be spoken; but that, to save the life of a cow, it is no sin to tell a lie, provided we ask God's pardon. It was also argued that, for a good purpose, good men do, in fact, practise deceit, as when, for instance, we deceive a sick person by suppressing bad news which, if revealed, might have dangerous consequences: and, if (as Mr. Sidgwick has remarked*) it is generally admitted that a person is justified in taking a life in self-defence, will he not also be justified in telling a lie for the same purpose? The question, from a merely moral point of view, is certainly a difficult one. Philosophers tell us that it is a question which cannot be decided by a plain Yes or No. Much depends, in considering such an act, on the previous life of the man who commits it. 'Of two men, placed in precisely similar perplexities, one might adhere to the rule of veracity at the risk of sacrificing the life of a beloved and innocent person, the other might save the person at the cost of violating the rule of veracity, and it would be impossible for the moral Philosopher to say which action were the better or the worse of the two; because he would not know in regard to either that spiritual history upon which its moral value depends.† There is much force in that argument, based on the general ground of morality. But we, who believe that God is truth, and that the truth is divine, can hardly be too strict in upholding the rule that truth at any cost must be maintained. In cleaving to the truth we cleave to God; and, even if death result from the truth, there are worse things which can happen than death, than even the death of a cow.

માનું બેલયાથી એ કોણ પ્રાણીને બચે પીઠ થતી હોય તો બેલ રાખજું; ને બેલ ન રખાય તો અગાધ પાણી ખતાવજું.

એ એમ ન ચાહે તો ગાયને વાઘથી બચાવવા ભૂતું બેલજું એ પણ પાપ નથી.. પણ એને મારે ઈશ્વરનું ક્રમાપન કરવું.

* Sidgwick's Methods of Ethics, p. 202.

† Green's Prolegomena, p. 345.

Truth : in deed.

સત્ય વડે વાયુ વાય છે તથા સૂર્ય આકાશમાં પ્રકાશ છે. સત્ય વાણીની પ્રતિષ્ઠા છે, સત્યમાં સર્વ રહ્યું છે, માટે સત્યને શ્રેષ્ઠ કહે છે.

તૈત્તિરીયારણ્યક.

27th March.

EVERY judge who placed in authority gives a wrong judgment for the sake of a bribe is guilty of a lie in deed, and a lie of the basest kind. Every officer who trusted by the State uses his power for his own private ends, to gain something for himself or to hurt his neighbour, to favour the rich or oppress the poor, this man, though he says nothing at all, and though outwardly he *seems* to be doing his duty, is nevertheless a liar and traitor, a traitor who wittingly poisons the well which he is appointed to guard. Professing to be the minister of justice, he promotes injustice; professing to be the servant of God, he does what God most hates.

And why do I call a public officer the professed servant of God? Because every government and every power established in this world is established by God, and is responsible to God for the people over whom it is set. And this is why we all are bound to obey those rulers who are set over us: because they are set over us by God. This too is what Munoo means when he says that a king is a 'particle of God';* there is something in a king

* Chap. vii. 3-8.

which is more divine than in common men. He means that the king's power is to be respected, because it is given to him by God. In the same way, all officers under the king are appointed to do God's work among men, the work of order and justice and peace; and if, when appointed to do this work, they make themselves parties to injustice and wrong, do they not turn God's work into a lie, the highest and holiest duty into sin? Therefore those placed in high public trust who do not do the will of God—I speak of kings and all in authority—are traitors to God and their fellow-men: they are traitors, too, to their own nobility: and God will not long allow them to stand. Therefore it is that old Munoo also proclaims as the first qualification of a king that he 'must invariably speak the truth': 'and justice,' he adds, 'up-roots a king who swerves from his duty, with all his race.*' As the king must be honest, so must his ministers, and all who under him own his authority. For they all own authority under God, who will hold them responsible. So you see, my friends, in public affairs an acted lie, a public dishonesty, is a sin of double blackness, both because every lie is a sin, and because this particular kind of sin degrades a man from the high place of God's minister to the shameful position of a traitor and foe. A lie is bad in any one; but what shall we say of the commander, who, having held a high rank in God's army, goes over to the enemy? We should call him a traitor of the darkest dye, we should say that as a traitor he deserves to be shot. Such a traitor is every king, and every officer in high

* Chap. vii. 26.

* Chap. vii. 28.

authority, who in his conduct is not true to the commission which he holds from God.

I have wished to say something of this public duty of truth in positions of public trust, because perhaps it is sometimes considered that high office held in native States (of which we see many around us) is a good opportunity of making money and advancing the worldly wealth of one's family. My friends, any one who so thinks is very far from the mind of God. And if only, as I said in my first lecture, we could constantly realize God's holy presence, and feel what our duty in this world is, we should never descend to such ignoble thoughts as to wish for selfish or worldly advancement, but only with a deep sense of God's goodness, and a grateful enthusiasm to do His will, we should strive to diffuse the rich knowledge of His love and the image of His mercy and justice among men. If all public officers were of this mind, if all kings and rulers so regarded their duty, might not the 'particels of God' on this earth make even this world like the kingdom of Heaven?

These thoughts may not be without meaning for us, for some of you here may be called on to rule, and others to serve, in high places of authority. But, whatever the future of each may be, there are duties of truth for us, one and all, here, and to-day, in this College. In all that we do let us be true to one another, but especially to God. For if we be true to God, we must be true to one another. But we cannot be true, unless we do right: for, if we do wrong, we shall certainly try to conceal the

evil which we have done,—in other words, we shall be untrue. And we cannot do right without God's help. And so we come back to the same old truth, which I cannot repeat too often :—we cannot act truly unless we feel that we have His presence with us.

He who before the face of his master makes an outside show of doing his duty, and, as soon as his master's back is turned, does what he knows would grieve him ; who keeps one kind of behaviour for College and another for home ; who behaves respectfully towards his masters, but rudely and unkindly towards his companions ; this boy's life is an acted lie, a life which is untrue before men and God. Of course in your dealings with your boy friends you will not behave in exactly the same way as you behave in your dealings with your masters. I do not mean that, or anything like that. You will of course naturally behave among your equals with an ease and familiarity which you could not assume in the presence of your elders in authority ; and such difference of behaviour will be perfectly true as well as perfectly natural and right. But if you do in the presence of your companions an act which you know to be wrong in itself, and which, because you know it to be wrong, you would fear to do in the presence of your master ; if you do in secret a wicked thing which you would be ashamed to do openly, and then appear before the world as though you had not done it ; then this, I say, is to act a lie. If you take leave from me to go out riding, and having such leave go into the bazaar, to a place which you know I have forbidden, then I say you have betrayed my confidence, and you have acted a lie.

It is easy, my friends, to deceive men : but we can never deceive God. Do we think we shall really gain anything by our acted or spoken lies? If we think so, that is a lie ; we are lying to ourselves. We may gain perhaps a little worldly something : as he who takes bribes gains a little wretched money, or something of temporal profit or place. But he loses what is far more precious ; he loses what alone is eternally precious ; he loses the love of God ; he loses the life of his soul.



Truth: in thought.

સત્ય વડે વાયુ વાય છે, તથા સૂર્ય આકાશમાં પ્રકાશે છે, સત્ય વા-
ણીની પ્રતિષ્ઠા છે, સત્યમાં સર્વ રહ્યું છે, માટે સત્યને શ્રેષ્ઠ કહે છે.

તૌત્તિરીયારબ્ધક.

3rd April.

IN connection with our two former addresses, we think to-day about truth in our thoughts. Of course the connection is natural. If our thought be perfectly just and true, we shall be true also in word and in act, which are the natural outcome of thought. A man who is perfectly true in his thoughts will be perfectly true in his life: he will be a man more divine than any (save one) who ever has lived in this world,—a man as perfect as God. It is on account of this connection between our thoughts and our words and acts—the latter being the natural issue of the former—that the law does not hold an act to be criminal unless it be done *intentionally*, unless it be done with the mind and will as well as with the tongue or the hand. If a man is out of his mind, he cannot be guilty of libel or blasphemy; if, in a state of unconscious delirium, or if, in ignorance, and by mistake, he puts a fellow-man to death, he is not held to be guilty of murder, or of any moral offence at all. So you see it is from the mind and heart that all truth must

proceed: he who would be true in word and in act must first be true in thought.

Let me now speak of some untrue thoughts which take no direct shape in words or acts, but yet torture our minds with unreal shadows, the fanciful creations of ungenerous suspicion. Such thoughts come often from too much concentration upon ourselves and those immediately about us; they are therefore selfish, and worldly, and separate from God.

I will explain now what I mean. Have you not sometimes attributed to your neighbours evil intentions against yourselves which you afterwards found had no existence except in your imaginations? Or have not selfish suspicions of your neighbour led you to judge him unfairly? Suppose, for instance, that some boy in your class has done better than was to be expected, and has perhaps beaten you when you made sure you would have beaten him. Have you jealously sought to diminish from his credit by attributing his success to unfair means? I am afraid that we often allow jealous thoughts of others to lurk in our hearts, thoughts which we afterwards find to be as untrue as they are unkind. Would it not be better, in all such cases, to think the best of our neighbour, and give him full credit for all his successes? Would it not be better for our peace, as well as for our truth, of mind? Let us make it a rule to think well of others and never to judge them harshly, and very often we shall find that our kindest judgments are also the truest. This indeed is part of our duty, of our

duty of love. And of love it has been truly said that it 'hides the evil, believes the good, hopes the best, bears the worst.'

It is the same with other suspicions. You think, perhaps, that your class-master has not dealt with you fairly, that he owes you a grudge because you are conscious of not having done your best. And this thought grows and swells in your mind, and causes you great anxiety. But probably it has no truth in it. Probably your master has acted quite justly; probably he has only thought of his duty and not of you at all. Probably he has been just as fair to you as to others in your class, and your false suspicions are only due to an unreasonable and jealous desire for your own advancement. Perhaps, too, they may be partly due to a consciousness of your own shortcomings; for suspicion is the natural consequence of neglect of duty.

We are all too full of good thoughts of ourselves and of bad thoughts of our neighbours. It is best to think only good of our neighbours, and not to think of ourselves at all. For ourselves, let us seek to rest in God's keeping, and He will take care of us. We need not take thought for ourselves, if we only take thought for Him.

This leads me to another point. It is from these untrue suspicions of our minds that there arise those common rumours, very often of a damaging kind, which we know in this country so well as 'gup.' You all know what I mean. Here in Rajkot, and here in our College, we hear such rumours, generally unkind ones, about

nearly everybody we know. If a person whom we know dies, how commonly we hear it suspected that he died of poison ! Or some one appears to be rich, and we are told that he must have amassed such a fortune by unscrupulous means ! Or a house is burnt down, and we are told that some enemy of the owner of the house (the name of the enemy is probably mentioned) has maliciously set it on fire ! Yet very likely in every case the occurrence has happened in the ordinary course : the death has been a natural one, the fortune has been honestly gained, the house has been accidentally burnt. These false reports—for experience convinces us that, in general, *they* are false—proceed from false and ungenerous thoughts, from a restless and suspicious state of mind, which, I fear, is very common in Kattywar. Have we ever ourselves kept such thoughts in our minds ? Have we ever listened to such unkind rumours, and have we ever spread them ? If so, we have been untrue in thought ; and also in word and deed.

So I say Let us think no evil. Let us think only of our own duty, and our duty only of to-day. If we think only of *to-day*, this will keep us from those restless anticipations which unsettle our minds from the truth and from God. Let us keep our ears open for the voice of God and closed to the voice of the world. And what does the voice of God say to us ? It says, through our consciences, to you, and to me, and to every one in the world, ' Love Me and love your neighbours, and your life will be like a blessed calm in the midst of this world's storms.' This is the true संसारचारा: to be in this world, yet not of it in

thought. He who thinks no evil of any one will keep his hands clean and his heart pure, and amidst all the changes and chances of life, will have a true judgment in all things. He will think with the mind of God.

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Though dusky lane and wrangling mart;
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

Kelke's St. Matthew.



Our College.

'I believe the realization of this idea' (that we are all members of one common body) 'to be the glory of a public school; and I believe the redeeming point in public schools as they are, with all their imperfections, defects, and faults, to be this, that they do to a certain extent inspire those who belong to them with a feeling of membership in a body.'

Dr. Vaughan's Memorials of Harrow Sunday.

12th June.*

It is not good for men to live alone, for man is a creature born for society. And it is from the social enjoyments of life, from the friendships of those we love, from the company of those we honour and respect, that the principal happiness of our lives is derived. This is so common a happiness that we hardly notice it, or appreciate what a dreary thing our daily life would be without it. Perhaps only those who have led a life of solitude can fully understand the blessings of society.

There are many kinds of human societies; by which I mean combinations of people leading a common life. There is the society of home, where the members of a family all live together; and we all know what a happy thing that is. Then there is the society of school or college, the society of university life, the society of a regiment, the society of a literary or scientific body, the

* First Sunday of Monsoon Term.

society of a State service, the society of a village, or the society of a town. In each and all of these different societies human beings are associated together for their mutual help and happiness, and I say that the blessings which we derive, in a greater or a less degree, from each of these societies are among the best of all human privileges, without which life would be hardly worth living.

Now privileges have corresponding duties. What do I mean by that? I mean, in this case, that, in every society which exists for the good of its members, each member must attend to the good of each other member, and must live for his society rather than for himself. And in so doing he will certainly find—so much do we depend upon others—that he is living for his own happiness.

To-day I wish to speak in particular of this society to which we belong, of the society of our College, and of the advantages we may derive from living together in this institution. Also I would speak of the special duties which in such a society we owe to one another. And I hope these thoughts will be useful to us at the beginning of this new term, when we may very well resolve to do our utmost in the future to repair our errors of the past, to make better use of our opportunities, to make this College (of which we are so fond) a pattern of what such Colleges should be, to make it fruitful of all good things both for our companions and for ourselves.

Firstly, what are the benefits which we may derive, in a College such as this, from being associated all together?

My friends, these benefits are, of course, very much what we ourselves make them. But I do not say too much if I add that, if we were all to behave aright, and do each one his duty to his neighbour and to God, I really believe that a College such as this might be one of the best and happiest societies in the world. For here, just think, what are our opportunities; what are the conditions of our life. You are here at that period of mortal existence which is most free from trouble and care, when you feel the joyous flush of young life strong within your veins, when the sense of health is a sense of pleasure and every action and movement a joy. Especially you elder inmates of the College are just at that youthful prime of existence when the flower of life blooms fairest and freshest, and you can realize in yourselves the truth of the poet Browning's words:—

‘Oh, our manhood’s prime vigour! no spirit feels waste,
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
 Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to
 rock,
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool
 silver shock
 Of the plunge in a pool’s living water, the hunt of the bear,
 And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.

* * * * *

How good is man’s life, the mere living! how fit to employ
 All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!

This perfect freedom from worldly care, and this perfect enjoyment of bodily vigour, are facts which make your present age the brightest, if not the best, of life. Be thankful, my friends, for these great blessings, and

value them as the best gifts of God. And especially, when you feel strong in the consciousness of the ardour which comes with the budding of manhood, then remember that this wonderful elation of spirit which comes through the body may be lost through the body, and that, as the health and the strength of our bodies are among God's best gifts, so they may be lost by man's folly or sin. My friends, be very careful of your young health, be very careful of your bodies; remember that these are holy things given you by God for His holy service, and guard them, I beseech you, with jealous solicitude, from all those selfish and sinful appetites which disease and defile not only the body but also the everlasting soul.

Then, my friends, see how happily you are placed here in having the society of your equals, with whom you can converse on every topic with the utmost freedom and the widest sympathy. You can share and enjoy every action and thought with those who can think and feel just as you do; with those in whose thoughts you find your thoughts reflected, as in a mirror face answers to face. The friendships which arise from the simple communion of fresh and pure young hearts, in such a society as this College, are, I think, the very sweetest friendships of all. They are friendships formed from the purest motives of personal love and respect, between 'souls without reproach or blot,' who simply love what deserves to be loved, apart from those selfish considerations of worldly wealth, or worldly position, which, alas, too often have considerable force in making, or breaking, our later friendship.

So we find—and we cannot be too thankful for this—that in a school or college a boy is estimated nearly always at his proper value; no one honours him because he is rich, or because he is a Suryavanshi, or because he is a Sayyid; but he is loved because he is lovable, or, because he is despicable, he is despised. That which is really good and true is always, we find, respected at College. You, who know College life as well as I do, will, I know, confirm my words. And I say that this honest respect for the good which we find among boys at school is a blessed fact for which we, who are here, can hardly be too thankful. Let us prize it now, as it deserves to be prized. We shall not, I fear, find so much of it hereafter in the larger school of the world.

And then, too, consider, besides these advantages of free association with your equals, what immense advantages you may gain from association with your superiors, with those who are older and better-educated and more experienced than yourselves, and whose whole aim is to live for your good. Some boys, I believe, imagine that school is a prison where they are condemned to hard labour, where discipline and punishment embitter existence. But surely, my friends, this is not your experience. You know very well that those here set over you have but one thought in their minds,—your improvement: that they are devoted to that one object in affection not less than in duty; that they grieve with your griefs, and sorrow for your short-comings, as they rejoice in your welfare and happiness. And whatever is done in this College is done with this one object,—your

welfare. We strive to help you, all alike, as far as we can, to be good, and thereby to be happy. We know that wisdom contributes more than anything else to make men good and happy; and we know too that those who are born in high station cannot get on without knowledge. Therefore we try to teach wisdom and knowledge, knowing that these are the things which most surely will make you better and fit you for authority. And because we know that nothing can be taught without system and regularity, we divide our daily duties into separate portions, giving attention to the training of the body as well as of the mind.

Now these things, if they seem to you irksome, are not so in reality. They are the best things that we can give you; and, because we desire your good, we give them. I do not say they are all pure pleasure; I admit that they demand labour and trouble. But I say that there is no such thing as pure pleasure to be found in this world; and that without labour and trouble we can have no real pleasure at all, nor can we live a life that is worthy of the name. Believe me, my friends, that the only good life for any man, be he ploughman or prince, is a life of laborious service, and that only in such a life can happiness be found. For we are all the servants of God, who has given to each of us, boys or men, women or girls, our appointed task. And your task, now, here in the College, is a very happy one, because you are shielded from the dangers of the outside world, and are free to pursue the path of duty with a quiet mind, amid the friendship of worthy equals, and the

help and regard of devoted superiors. Therefore, my friends, be very thankful that God has placed you in this College; and be careful to take as much advantage as you can of its great opportunities. I am quite sure, if you do so now, you will be glad that you did so hereafter.

To say something now of the duties which correspond with these privileges. Remember that you are yourselves concerned in the honour of this society to which you belong. In order that this College may be good, in order that you may enjoy its friendships, in order that all may be happy and wholesome both in school and on the playground, each one of you must be good himself. Each one must endeavour so to live that, when he comes to leave the College, he will never regret that he wasted his time, or did an evil act, or spoke an impure or unkind word, or thought an unholy thought. Each one must seek, by doing his duty, to make life more happy to his equals and to those set over him.

There is one word which will help us all more than anything else, and that is Love. It is love which gives its brightness to home, the first and the best society of all; it is love that more than anything else can give to this College all that it needs. So let us, my friends, resolve to-day,—now, at the beginning of this new term,—to work all together in love. Be loving and kind towards your companions. Be respectful and dutiful towards your superiors. We are all members of God's Holy Family: therefore let us love one another, even as He loves us all. It is, as I have said, by loving our neighbour

that we learn to love God. And if we could love Him as He loves us, and keep Him ever in the thoughts of our hearts, then this College of ours might indeed be like a little heaven on earth : for where He is, there is Heaven.



Purity.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

Tennyson's 'Sir Galahad.'

19th June.

I WISH to-day to speak to you a few plain words about purity. It is not an easy subject to speak on, for there is a right and natural delicacy which forbids us from speaking of these things openly. Nevertheless, delicacy in a matter of this kind may be carried too far. And we must not close our eyes or ears, or even restrain our tongues, if to open our eyes or to use our ears or to loosen our tongues is for our good. I think that at any rate on this one occasion it can do us no harm to think of this matter, not lightly or carelessly, but seriously and sadly. For it is a matter which, when we think over it, must fill the most careless among us with sadness. So I wish to-day, as one with yourselves, as one of like passions and desires, to ask you to consider with me what a beautiful thing true purity is; and how dreadful is the sin of impurity; and yet, alas, how dreadfully common this sin is, and has been, throughout the world. And may the all-pure God grant that these thoughts may make us all better and purer!

You are young: but I think you are old enough to know that to each one of us there comes a time—the time when youth first flushes into manhood—when we become conscious of desires within us which, unless we control them, will lead us into sin. These are the natural desires of the body which we have in common with other animals. I say these are the *natural* desires of the body: therefore in themselves they are not evil: on the contrary, if we control them aright, they are productive of nothing but good. They are part of that delicate and wonderful machine—I mean our human body—which God has given to us in this world as an instrument to be used in His holy service. Therefore our body is a **holy thing**; it has been called ‘the temple of God,’ because God’s spirit may dwell in men’s bodies, and sanctify them as a temple is sanctified; and every part of the body is holy; and even the desires of the body are holy, if only we keep them within holy limits.

My friends, have we thus thought of our body,—as a sacred temple in which is enshrined the immortal spirit, divine as well as human, which comes from God and goes to God? If we have not so thought of it, let us so think of it now. For such a thought adds dignity to our nature, and it is true, and must make us all better. In proportion as we reverence our bodies, in proportion as we keep them pure of stain, our hearts and our thoughts will be good and pure also, and meet for the presence of the pure God.

I have said that our bodily desires are not evil, but rather good in themselves, if only we guard and restrain

them aright. But I fear I must add that from these desires arises man's commonest and greatest temptation, and that to exercise a due control over them is a matter which demands the most watchful care. We have only to look abroad and see how terribly common is the sin of impurity, and especially that sin of impurity which Sir Arthur Helps calls 'the great sin of great cities,' the sin of intercourse between men and women who are not lawfully married together. My friends, we all know that this is a great sin, and we know the awful consequences of it; as though on that sin more than on any other God had set the seal of His vengeance and wrath, and willed that even here in this world its fruits should be nothing but ashes and dust, and diseases more dreadful than death.

Yet the world in general—and this only shows the blind force of these passions of which I am speaking—is much more indulgent than it should be to this sadly common, but terrible, evil. We sometimes hear people speak of this sin as though they considered it a pardonable weakness; others would seem to regard it as nothing but a harmless, and even a necessary, indulgence. My friends, such people cannot rightly have considered, even from a worldly point of view, what this sin really means. When we come to reflect what a multitude of families have lost happiness through the shame and degradation of their daughters: how the lives of thousands of innocent girls have been hopelessly sullied and blackened by this crime,—for though the sin chiefly rests with the man the shame most unfairly falls on the woman: when we think

how much the human race must suffer from this blighting of beautiful women who might have been mothers of beautiful children: when we think what an awful increase of diseases, and inherited diseases, this sin has produced: then I say that, from a social point of view alone, and without reference to its moral pollution, I think we must decide that this one great crime is the greatest social curse that the world has ever known. I am speaking very plainly, and I wish to speak plainly, so that an impression may be made on your hearts, if God enable me to speak as I wish. For I wish to speak this once, and never again.

But, my friends, the social consequences are light as compared with the moral effects of impurity. What shall we say of the hardened look, the heartless life, the hopeless effrontery, of her who, according to our true woman's ideal, should be the incarnation of gentleness and modesty? Do you think that such creatures may be restored to the goodness and the happiness from which they have fallen? I will not say that they cannot be restored, for all things are possible with God. But I say that everywhere in the world such women are dishonoured and despised, and that too many of them so feel their degradation that they take to spirit-drinking and opium, and so steep their miserable senses in forgetfulness.

Is the case of the man morally better? Indeed, if we regard it rightly, I think we should regard it as worse. For remember that, in most cases, he is the cause of the poor woman's fall. It is generally man who misleads the woman, not woman who, in this matter, misleads the man.

And I say that the man who wilfully and selfishly seduces a woman into this sin has on his soul a load of iniquity such as can hardly be equalled for selfishness and cruelty. I say that a man who wittingly and wilfully is guilty of this foul sin is not worthy of the name of a man, but rather of a devilish beast: a creature with the carnal instincts of a beast combined with the cruelty of a heartless fiend. I do not believe that moral depravity can be imagined lower than that.

But I think it is due to men to add—though I do not wish to mitigate the guilt of their act—that, in the great majority of cases, they do not act wittingly and wilfully, but act under heedless impulse of passion which blinds their eyes and dulls their consciences. And therefore I say it is each man's duty to keep a strict watch over these wild passions, to do whatever in him lies to keep himself clear of all impurity in act and in word and even in thought.

How are we then to keep ourselves pure? Now this is a question which comes home to us all, to each one of you as well as to myself.

I have touched at length on this one form of impurity,—the guilty defilement of that sacred relationship which ought to subsist between men and women,—because it is the commonest throughout the world, and because you are not too young to understand it. But there are other forms of impurity which also defile and sully our souls, and tend to lower our natures and to estrange us from God; and some of these forms are common in schools,

and with some of them you may, I fear, be acquainted. Happy indeed is that College or school which is entirely free from them !

You know, my friends, better than I do what happens in the private intercourse of this College. Do you in talk one with another ever make light of acts of impurity ? Do you listen to filthy stories, or laugh at jokes of an impure tendency,—and such jokes, alas, are very common,—or suffer or encourage by word or deed anything which kindles your imagination on its grosser and lower side ? These things, I fear, are not unknown to school-boys : therefore I warn you against them. God grant they may not be known to you !

Let us be careful, very careful, to avoid the very slightest appearance of impurity, and every indecent word or thought, which might lower our natures and estrange us from God. Let us, I say, be very careful to watch against unholy *thoughts*. For it is from the thoughts that acts proceed, and, if unholy thoughts be indulged, they are sure to lead to unholy acts. The Great Master, whom Christians adore as divine, has told us that ‘whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.’ I am sure your hearts feel those words to be true. It is certainly true that base thoughts of the heart defile a man’s nature as much as base acts.

Here, as in everything, the great point is to keep close to the pure and holy God. If we have His presence with us, that presence will purge us of every stain. All blots will fade in His holy sight, as the shades of night before the sun.

Try also to keep your thoughts at a high level, in an atmosphere nobler and rarer than that in which low earthly passions are born and fed. While your hands work on earth, let your heads be in heaven. Avoid the society of low companions, and seek to associate with those who are better than yourselves. Also raise your minds by reading the best thoughts and the best books which the world has to offer. Here education comes in to our help, and supplies us with a boundless store of wealth, with all the kings' treasures in the world,—the wealth worth alone gives greatness to man, the wealth of divine and glorious minds. Therefore let us read the best books, and so raise the tone of our minds and feelings. He whose mind is full of lofty thoughts is not likely to be guilty of low, ignoble acts. 'A man coming from a great representation of Macbeth is not,' as Sir Arthur Helps says, 'in the humour for a low intrigue.'*

Another thing which we can do for ourselves is to be temperate in the indulgence of all our bodily appetites. Some kinds of food are more exciting than others. I should advise you to avoid them. And it is well known that all spirituous liquors are terrible incitements to sins of impurity. In these things you can help yourselves greatly. Your bodily appetites are to a great extent under your own control. You know that the *jogis* who have left the world with all its desires and lusts make it one of the principal objects of their life to extinguish the mere animal desires of the body. It

* *Companions of my Solitude*, p. 97. I am very glad to have this opportunity of commending to you this delightful little book. You will find it in our College Library (P. 105).

is our duty to live in the world, doing the work which God has given us: but in this matter of mortifying the body I think we might do well to imitate the *jogt's*. Another method is bodily exercise. This is a very important matter; and this is why games and outdoor sports are so necessary a portion of all youthful training. Make a point of taking regular exercise: riding, walking, *mugduls*, gymnastics, every kind of exercise is good, and a young man can hardly take too much of it. It is those who are of a dull, sluggish temperament who are generally most prone to sensual indulgence; therefore it is for such natures as these that bodily exercise is especially necessary. In this way the body, which, as I have said, is a good and noble thing in itself, is kept in due order and duly developed; but the body, like the mind, requires to be disciplined, and its discipline is regular physical exercise.

My friends, think of these things, for I am sure they will help you, if you try to put them in practice.

But, after all, prayer is the greatest help of all. Indeed without it we can do little. With it we can do wonders. It is wonderful how the mere mechanical act, the only half-voluntary effort to pray, seems to bring legions of angels to our help and to turn into blessings all our temptations. Therefore, I repeat, above all things, let us pray to God; and, when we are conscious of natural desires which, though they are not wrong in themselves, may be easily developed into sin, let us ask for His help, and He will give it.

And think very highly, my friends, of your bodies; think very highly of the glory of your youth. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than a young man in the prime of his strength, with all his energies strong within him and stirred by a heart which is both passionate and pure. Nothing really noble can be done without passion; but nothing really noble can be done without purity. So these two things go together hand in hand, and combine to make the ideal of our perfect man. My friends, try each of you, in your own person, to realize this ideal from to-day. I do not think that I can do better than close with the words of wise King Solomon, who, while he speaks of the privileges of youth, warns us also of its deep responsibilities:—‘Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.’*

* Ecclesiastes xi. 9.



Gentle.

Go forth, essay the world's great prize;
Go strive, and conquer, if you can;
But if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

Thackeray.

26th June.

THE special application of the meaning of words will often give us a pleasing insight into the estimate which men in general have formed of their own race. We find, for instance, the word 'human' still retaining its original sense and meaning, in a general way, 'whatever belongs to the race of man.' But 'humane' which originally meant the same, and is of course the same word, as 'human,' has come to be used in a special sense as 'merciful,' 'tender,' 'kind': because the people who use this word have come to the conclusion that men and women, those who belong to the race of man, ought to be, and commonly are, 'merciful,' 'tender' and 'kind.' So the word 'inhuman' is likewise used to mean the opposite of 'humane,' to mean 'cruel,' 'unkind,' 'harsh.'

I say it is pleasant to find in such words that men have formed so favourable an estimate of one another's character. For this is an estimate which we can trust. Words are not accepted in a hurry, without reason, or without patience and thought; on the contrary, they are the reasoned results of the thoughts of many genera-

tions of men, and of the best minds of each generation. For you know words are nothing but uttered thoughts; and the words which we use now are a legacy—in English they are a very rich legacy—of the thoughts of the best of our ancestors, once human like us, and (we trust) humane, but long ago buried and forgotten in their graves.

‘Generous’ and ‘gentle’ are two other words which are similarly used, in a special sense, to describe special qualities of men. Both these words originally meant ‘well-born,’ ‘belonging to *genus* or *gens*’; and so ‘of good birth,’ ‘of good quality.’ But now the common experience of men has determined that those of good family are generally of large and liberal minds; and so the word ‘generous’ has come to mean ‘*ବୃଦ୍ଧ*,’ ‘noble-minded,’ ‘open-handed,’ ‘liberal in bestowing on others.’ Similarly, as experience has also shown that those of good family, as compared with others, are commonly kind and tender of heart as well as open of hand, ‘gentle’ has come to be used in a sense somewhat different from ‘generous,’ and to mean ‘*ମିଥिल*,’ ‘tender,’ ‘merciful,’ ‘inoffensive,’ ‘considerate of others.’ We may not always be able to trace the steps by which words of common origin have arrived at meanings distinct and separate; but the track, if we find it, is full of interest, the path of human history, experience, and thought.

I am going to day to speak of ‘gentle’ in a use still more restricted, though in a sense a good deal wider, than that which it usually has: I mean in the use which

it has in English only in conjunction with the word 'man'; in which use it does not mean merely *भ्रातृ*, but means *सद्गृहस्थ*, 'a gentleman.' I want you to-day to consider with me what we really mean by a *सद्गृहस्थ*, or 'gentleman.' We all know a gentleman when we see one; but I am not sure that we all have clear notions what a gentleman consists of. Perhaps the thing is so good in itself, so simple and yet so complex, so natural and yet so refined, that we have not cared to examine it closely.

We all know a gentleman, I have said, when we see one. But, nevertheless, I think we may sometimes have given the name when it was not deserved; and similarly we may perhaps have withheld it at other times when it *was* deserved. So let us consider when it *is* deserved, and also when it is not.

It is not, in the first place, necessarily deserved by all of high rank, or wealth, or authority. A poor man, as well as a rich, may be a gentleman; a servant as well as a king. This is what the Scotch poet, Burns, means, when he says :

"The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

Who, then, is the gentleman? He who thinks for the good of others: who does not think of himself: who, desiring to make life pleasant to all, is genial, bright, and kind: courteous in manner and in speech: self-denying: self-devoting: willing to sacrifice himself for

the good of his fellow-men. The perfect gentleman must be unselfish, refined in feeling, noble in thought. And *any* man who forgets himself, and lives a life of regard for others, is sure, by the very fact of that life, to have some refinement and some nobility. Thus the simple husbandman in a village, who gives up his leisure and personal comfort for the comfort and improvement of his fellows, who listens with enthusiastic devotion to the sacred call of Duty in his heart, this man, howsoever poor and uneducated, is at heart a gentleman. He raises to a new dignity himself and his village home.

And, if this is true of a village life, it is still more true of those higher homes, where ease and independence, education and purity, add their graces to the strength of human character. A gentleman may, as I have said, be born in any sphere of life: but it is more likely that he will be found in the cultivated grades of higher society. For it is here that refinement is commonly to be found—refinement that shows itself in every motion, every look, every tone of the voice, even in the expression of the face, even perhaps in the character of the dress. All is harmonious, all is graceful, all is pleasant, all is gentle.

The labourer who must work hard in the fields can hardly find leisure for the acquirement of many graces of manner or mind. Nor will a man who must every day renew the hard struggle to win his bread be likely, as a rule, to think so much of his neighbour as of his own poor self. A Roman satirist has said of poverty that its

bitterness is that it makes men ridiculous, but I think its bitterness rather consists in the fact that it gives men so little opportunity to think beyond themselves.

In a high and respectable family, on the other hand, the conditions are different. There the family-affections have full play; the heart's best feelings may be evoked; no selfish struggle for life is required; there is time for the study of noble thoughts, for the companionship of noble minds; human nature is seen on its brightest side, and human nature is elevated. 'There are those,' says a very eloquent writer, 'whose lot it has been from earliest childhood to see the fair side of humanity, who have been surrounded with clear and candid countenances, in the changes of which might be traced the working of passions strong and simple, the impress of a firm and tender nature, wearing when it looked abroad the glow of sympathy, and when it looked within the bloom of modesty. They have seen, and not once or twice, a man forget himself; they have witnessed devotion, unselfish sorrow, unaffected delicacy, spontaneous charity, ingenuous self-reproach; and it may be that on seeing a human being surrender for another's good not something but his uttermost all, they have dimly suspected in human nature a glory connecting it with the divine. In these the passion of humanity is warm and ready to become on occasion a burning flame; their whole minds are elevated, because they are possessed with the dignity of that nature they share, and of the society in the midst of which they move.'*

* Ecce Homo, p. 163.

This, my friends, is a picture of the home in which the true gentleman will generally be found. He who has not been forced to push for himself is less likely to wish to push for himself, is more likely to stand aside for others. Having seen the beauty of self-sacrifice in others, he sacrifices himself. He is ready to do what in him lies to make life pleasant to all about him.

My friends, should not *your* homes be something of this kind? Have you been mindful of those great benefits which God has placed in your way? Are you careful to show yourselves 'gentlemen,' worthy of the high vocation to which you have been called? Are you careful to take thought for the happiness of others, to be courteous and considerate, kind and pleasant, in your dealings with all? Do you keep down mean and selfish desires, and is it your ambition to show yourselves—as you very well may, even in common acts—worthy to tread in the footsteps of those who have been the greatest 'gentlemen,' I may say, of history? Would you, in the hour of distress and poverty, be able to act with that noble dignity which characterized the great Pertap of Mewar, who, as even his adversary tells us, 'lost wealth and land, but bowed not the head,' who stooped to poverty but never to disgrace, who showed himself, under the hardest of tests, to be the true knight, the true gentleman? Think of Alexander, distressed with thirst in the desert of Gedrosia, yet pouring on the ground the water which was brought him, because it was not sufficient to quench his comrades' thirst as well as his. Think of the noble Sir Philip Sidney who, in like

manner, when water was brought to him mortally wounded before the walls of Zutphen, gave it to a dying soldier near him, saying 'Your need is greater than mine.' These were true gentlemen : were they not ?

There is a very beautiful story, which I hope you will read, called *Jackanapes*, by Mrs. Ewing. And it is an easy story, so I think you can all read it well. It tells of a noble young soldier, 'Jackanapes,' who, in the thick of a terrible fire, rescued a wounded friend out of battle, and was killed in the heroic act. He, too, was a gentleman : as we see in the first simple part of his story as much as in the last. Yes, to live for others, and, if need be, to die for them, *this*, in all ages, is to be 'a gentleman.'

To live for others means to love others ; and only those can rightly do this—so I believe—who dwell near to God. It is the divine light, the divine love, the divine gentleness, which makes men true gentlemen. If we love Him, if He lives in our hearts, we shall love our brethren too. This is the noblest life of a man, though it is not (as Mrs. Ewing tells us) mentioned in books on political economy ; it is 'not reckoned in the wealth of nations.' 'But there are things 'the good of' which and 'the use of' which are beyond calculation of worldly goods and earthly uses : things such as Love and Honour and the Soul of Man, which cannot be bought with a price and which do not die with death.' And we who hope to live beyond this world must 'not leave these things out of the lessons of our lives.'

We cannot always be happy. There are troubles in life which come to us all. But we can always be noble and good. We can make life happier for those about us. We can always, God helping us, be 'gentle.'



The Dignity of Little Duties.

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To lead us daily nearer God.

3rd July.

THE above lines, by the English poet Keble, tell us of the dignity of little duties. By 'the trivial round, the common task' is meant, of course, the routine of little duties which make up the daily sum of our lives : and these little duties, the poet tells us, can 'lead us daily nearer God.' I referred to these words at the end of my first lecture, now some weeks ago ; and again in what I said on Sunday last : to-day we will consider them more in detail.

Our daily duties : we all have them. Though they may not all be of the same kind, yet they come alike to us all ; and they come with great regularity. For us especially, here in this College, their regularity is very marked. From early morning till night, throughout the working hours of the day, each one of us lives, day by day, a life which is made up of little duties, generally only four-long duties, succeeding one another in a constant and seldom interrupted series. Each hour of every day is spent, or rather I may say each moment, whether it be spent in converse with your friends, or in work, or in play, or in any other

manner, is really, though it seems so trivial, a very important matter ; for of these small parts your whole life is made up, as the ocean is of drops. And as is the part so will be the whole. *ନିଧି ନିଧି ସମୁଦ୍ର ଭରାଏ*. It is the right use of small opportunities, the proper performance of life's common duties, which, constantly repeated, will in the end give a noble character to our whole life. It is the neglect of such little duties, the misuse or abuse of such opportunities which will gradually sap the strength of our nature, and in the end make our life mean and base.

And it is not only here in the College that these little duties exist. It is the same in your homes ; it is the same everywhere. Wherever you are, each moment must be lived, and your duty is to live each moment rightly. Perhaps it is easier for you here in this College, where your duties are made plain before you, to lead a right life than it is in your homes. But remember, wherever you are, each moment lived rightly takes you nearer to God, each moment lived wrongly tends to sunder you from Him. In proportion as these little parts of our lives have been lived near, or apart from, God, so will our whole lives be good or bad.

The performance of these little duties is not easy : and indeed in them, as in other matters, the greatness is to be measured by the difficulty. It is not easy to be always on guard : and yet we *must* be always on guard, if in every act of every moment we desire to act as we ought. It is not easy to be always kind, always considerate of others, always doing what should be done,

always studious in the hours of school, always good-tempered in the hours of play. These things require great firmness of will; great watchfulness, great self-control: indeed they require more of these qualities—because they require a *habit* of them—than is required by a sudden call to perform some great act of heroism. Depend upon it, he who is best in the ordinary routine of daily life will also be best in the hour of need, in the time of sudden danger and trial. He is the real hero who conquers himself in every-day life; and this is why wise king Solomon said, ‘He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.’ And I think we all know this by personal experience, even though our experience may have been small. Do we not know that many a soldier, who has never been in a fight, may yet be known to be a good soldier by his resolute bearing in time of peace? So that we who know his character are sure that, if ever he goes into battle, he will be brave and unflinching still. It is the steady will in a good cause, the character accumulated little by little, the oft-repeated efforts to do what is right, which enable us to acquire real strength, and at the last to prevail.

My friends; does your daily life here sometimes seem to you tame and dull? Does the monotony of your work appear to you inglorious, or possibly a waste of time? Do you imagine that you would, perhaps, be better employed in other pursuits than in bending your wills to discipline, and to acquiring knowledge? Or do you—perhaps one or two more than others—complain that

there is no use in these efforts,—that if God had granted you greater ability, or more bodily strength and agility, you might have found life more successful and pleasant both on the playground and in the class-room : but now, as you are, what is the use in carrying on the hopeless struggle ? Can you be expected to do anything good ? What is the use of trying ?

My friends, the whole use is in the *trying*. And God gives you these trials for your good. We cannot all be strong or clever, but we can all do our best to please God, to do our duty in that state, and under those circumstances, in which He has placed us. And we are all alike in this,—the strongest, the weakest, the dullest, the cleverest,—that each one of us has his own special trial, and his own special battle to fight. And, whatever this trial may be, it is known to God : and, as it is given to us by God, so in His strength and in His wisdom we may find wisdom and strength to overcome it. But without a struggle there can be no success ; without a fight there can be no victory. Those doubts and misgivings to which I have alluded are the enemies which you have to subdue ; and, trusting in God, you *can* subdue them. This is the way, and the only way, in which we can conquer our difficulties and doubts, and turn our weakness into strength :—to take *every* duty of the day as from God, and to do it through God : to feel assured that our Heavenly Father gives each of us what we have to do, and that we *can* do it relying on His grace, looking to Him, as it were, for counsel, clinging to Him, as it were, for support. Therefore, whatever be your

special difficulty,—you yourself know it as no one else can know,—resolve from to-day to make a struggle against it, and keep up the struggle manfully, persistently, every day, every hour. Are you inclined to be fretful and peevish, or irritable towards your companions? Try to think especially of these failings, and watch especially at such hours as you feel that they are likely to arise. Watch especially at such times as you are suffering from bodily fatigue, for these weaknesses of temper often arise from bodily weakness, and may be controlled. Or are you inclined to be selfish, or lazy and indolent in school? Resolve to be so no more, and make self-restrictive rules for yourself—you easily can if you will—by which you know that your natural selfishness, or natural indolence, will be kept in check. Or are you prone to evil thoughts of anger, or impure desire, or pride? Try to remember that God is near, and that such thoughts are hateful in His holy sight. If the thought of Him enter into your mind, all evil thoughts will at once flee away. So, whatever we do, let us do heartily, as unto God and not to men; and then whatever we do will be well done, and nothing will be small, for all will be good.

I have spoken of little duties as great,—great in the difficulty and great in the consequence. But, after all, who is to decide about the greatness or smallness of things? If we are to judge by experience, if we are to estimate things by their consequences, I think we shall very often find that that which at one time seemed trivial and common has afterwards acquired extraordinary importance. Consider, for instance, the use of steam.

Steam had long been known in the world, before the common sight of a saucepan, boiling over the fire, suggested to the Marquis of Worcester, not two hundred and fifty years ago, an invention which led to the modern steam-engine. You would say that a boiling saucepan was a homely and unimportant thing; yet see what amazing results came from it! And what is thus true of physical forces is equally true of that strange moral power with which commonplace acts, we hardly know how, impress themselves on our minds. Much will, no doubt, depend on the mood and the circumstances under which we receive these impressions: but is it not true that little every-day scenes, the common sights and the ordinary sounds, often fix themselves deep in our hearts, and so take effect in our characters and lives, in a way in which so-called great things do not? I will give you an instance of what I mean. You have been for the first time, let us suppose, on a visit to Bombay: and in that great and wonderful city you have seen many things that filled you with wonder. You have seen the wide and well-ordered streets, the splendid buildings of the Fort, the Empress's statue and the Prince of Wales's, the beautiful Clock Tower, the University Library, the Elphinstone College, the Crawford Market, the Victoria Station, the Prince's Dock, the Mint, the Secretariat, the Lighthouse at Colaba, the Governor's residence at Malabar Point, and the glorious view from Malabar Hill. All these things have filled you, no doubt, with astonishment and admiration. But, on your way, as you stopped at Baroda, you saw a common-place sight,

which has had a more lasting effect on your mind than all these great sights of Bombay. You saw on the platform of the station, just after the shades of night had set in, a young man taking leave of his mother; and there was something in that young man's face so beautiful yet so unspeakably sad that it made your whole heart go out towards him. You felt that that severance of mother from son was a severance of inexpressible anguish which you would do anything to remove. Yet what could you do? The train moved on. Baroda was left far behind in the darkness. Next morning you awoke in Bombay, amid new scenes, other faces. Yet the remembrance of that sad young face has never faded from your mind, and you know that it will remain impressed on it till your dying day.

Of course I don't mean that this actually happened to any of you here present; but I think you will agree with me that something like this has happened at some time in the experience of us all. It is such little things rather than great things (as the world counts little and great) which impress the great lessons of life indelibly on our hearts. The poet Wordsworth—whom I hope you will read, for you can well understand him—often refers to these every-day circumstances as having a permanent effect on his mind. The sight of a mass of golden flowers waving by a lake, the song of a maiden reaping in a field, the beauty of mountains or woods or streams,—these are things he can never forget. To him 'the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that lie too deep for tears.'

We cannot all have the deep feeling of Wordsworth ; but we all have human hearts. And, as we receive impressions from outside, so we create impressions on others. Nothing that we can do is so small,—an act, a word, even a look,—but it may have a lasting effect, for good or for evil, on those who are about us. Let us try to bear this in mind in all that we do or say. Not a moment of our lives ever goes for nothing ; every moment has an influence on ourselves or others, not only for time but even for eternity. Looked at in this light each trivial duty will indeed seem not little, but infinitely great.

—seize—

Friendship.

A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Proverbs of Solomon, xviii. 24.

10th July.

CONSIDERING what we human beings are, how dependent we are on one another, and considering how much better and happier we should be if the world were less cold and more kind, it may well seem to us a sad and strange thing that real friendships are so few. Why should not men open their hearts to one another, spontaneously and at first sight, freely giving and freely receiving a mutual tribute of confidence and love? Does it speak well for our human nature that the ordinary formation of human friendships is, as it were, a gradual thawing of the ice of mistrust which encrusts our hearts? Why must we know first, before we dare trust? Would it not be nobler and higher, and would it not, in general, be equally safe, to trust before we know, —to advance to our neighbours, at sight, as it were, a loan of affection and good-will?

Yes, I think we must admit, in reply to these questions, that the want of such guileless simplicity and trust is one of the saddest and plainest consequences of the existence of sin in the world. Certainly, if there were no sin, we

should have nothing to fear or avoid. As it is, we cannot behave in this world as if all men were equally worthy of trust: nor indeed, if we were so to behave, would the world, as it is, understand our behaviour. Shakspeare, with his wonderful knowledge of life, is true, as ever, to human experience in the counsel which Polonius gives to Laertes:—

‘Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.’*

Now, first of all, what do we mean by Friendship? An old Roman writer, in an essay on this subject, has defined it to be ‘a perfect accord upon all questions, religious and social, together with mutual good-will and affection.’ He considers, also, that ‘true friendship can exist only amongst the good,’—that ‘the greatest attraction, and the truest friendship, will always be of the good towards the good.’ We shall, I think, demur to the opinion that ‘perfect accord upon all questions’ is a condition essential to friendship, but otherwise we shall, I think, be willing to accept Cicero’s definition.†

Now, as goodness is a necessary condition of friendship, and as all men are not good, all men cannot be friends. And the world, as I said, has found this out, and acts in accordance with its discovery.

But friendship, when it is found, what a delightful thing it is! Can anything be more delightful? ‘Nothing in this world,’ to quote Cicero again, ‘is more valuable

*Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 3.

†Cicero (Ancient Classics for English Readers), p. 150.

than friendship.' Think of the brightness, think of the comfort, think of the sympathy in sorrow and in joy, think of the counsel and encouragement, which these welded together by mutual regard can give to each other's lives. He who has a friend need never feel lonely, need never feel at a loss. He knows that there is something in the world,—and that thing the best that the world has to offer,—which will not fail him in time of need : a human heart ever ready to sympathize, a human hand ever ready to help.

And perhaps of all friendships the freshest and purest are those which are formed in our earlier years, in the years when hope is bright and strong, before we have plunged into life's stern conflict, with all its disappointments and trials and tears. In the ardent simplicity of early youth, we, who till then have been shielded from evil, and have seen, for the most part, the best side of life, give our hearts away with a freshness and candour which in general are wanting to later experience. At that early stage, we have nothing to fear, nothing to suspect; everything around us has a tendency to sweeten rather than to sour our aspirations. It is not so always in later years, as we who have reached them know. Then there come sorrows, disappointments, emulations; perhaps broken friendships, perhaps broken hearts: and these things tend very greatly to soften—I do not say to deaden—our youthful enthusiasm. Nevertheless, in later as in earlier years, most blessed is he who is happy in his friendships; who can feel that, in spite of disappointments and trials, in spite of unkindness and selfishness

and sin, the glory for him has not passed from the earth ; for the glory of life is the love of old friends, which grows steadier, & calmer, towards life's close. Most men, as the evening shades lengthen over them, have known blessings of this kind ; and they may thank God for them.

And still more should *you*, my friends, thank God now for your opportunities, here in this College, of forming youthful friendships. You who are here, and especially you to whom I am now addressing myself, are equals in age, in social position, of similar attainments, and of similar expectations. Many of you are also related by the ties of kinship. You have opportunities every hour, under the very happiest circumstances, of helping one another, of advising one another, of sharing one another's thoughts and feelings, of lightening one another's sorrows, of heightening one another's joys. I say you have these opportunities under the very happiest circumstances, for while, on the one hand, your hearts are warm, as we hope and believe, with the ardour of simplicity, you are shielded, on the other hand, from such worldly influences as might tend to excite in you unworthy jealousies, or mean and selfish suspicions.

I hope and I think that, with these advantages, many of you have formed, and will form, lasting friendships here in this College. But remember that no friendships can be true unless they be founded in virtue. There can be no friendship unless mutual respect be combined with mutual affection : and no one, not even the lowest and wickedest, can respect that which is not good. I do not say that friends must be alike, in ability, or in

character, or even in tastes. On the contrary, we often admire in our friends that which we are conscious that we ourselves lack, each supplying, as it were, what is wanting to the other. But I say that in each there must be good qualities which the other can honestly admire, and that mutual encouragement and mutual help can only arise from such mutual esteem. For there are other kinds of companionship, which to casual observers have the semblance of friendship, but which in reality are not friendship at all, but rather deserve the name of enmity. I mean the association of boys together for purposes which they know to be evil, for the secret accomplishment of some secret sin which they know will not bear the light, for secret conversation of an impure kind, or for the infringement of some College rule or of some known duty. My friends, whoever forms friendships of this kind, blots his own soul and that of his associate, and is therefore guilty of a double sin; he is wilfully sinning against the light, and drawing another into the darkness. You know very well that the rules of this College are made with the one object of your good, and that in conforming to them you are but befriending yourself. And the best way you can befriend a companion is to help him to conform also. First, you see, you must conform yourself. Once more let me quote from Polonius's words in the passage of Hamlet already referred to :

'This above all: To thine own self be true:
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.'

To that I should like to add another quotation from a book which some of you have read, *Tom Brown's School Days*. When Tom Brown's father first leaves him at school he gives him this good advice : 'Tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother or your sister hear.' I should like to give that same advice to you all. If you will act in accordance with it, I am sure you will never want for friends.

There is no reason why each one in this College should not, in the best sense, be the friend of each other. I see no reason why we all together, masters and boys, old and young, clever and dull, weak and strong, should not be allied in one happy friendship, each one working for each other, and all for the common good. And I see no reason why the foundation of such friendships, established here in this College, should not endure in after life, when our connection with the College has ceased. Then not only here, but all our lives through, what sympathy and help we might give to one another! If this could be so, what a blessed institution this College of ours would be! And I do not see, God helping us, why it should not be so. Only, to make it so, one condition is necessary: *each one of us must be good.*

On charitable judgments regard- ing our neighbours.

Let no one, even though in pain, speak words which cut others to the quick; let him not injure another in thought or in deed; let him not utter a word which may cause others to fear, since that will prevent him from gaining *svarga*.

Munoo (Studentship), Chapter II. 161.

17th July.

SOMETHING of the character and mind of a man is, no doubt, displayed in his outward bearing. And this is a fact which we cannot lose sight of in our dealings with one another. It is indeed so important a fact that proposals have been made to give it significance in examinations for the public service,—to assign to each candidate certain marks in proportion to the impression, favourable or unfavourable, which his outward demeanour makes on his examiners. Certainly the manner and appearance of a man, and the expression of his face, are in ordinary life a powerful factor in affecting his influence over those with whom he is brought in contact. This we shall all be ready to admit. But I am afraid we must also admit that there is no point in which we are all more liable to make mistakes than in judging of people, at first sight, merely by their outward manner and appearance. How very often at a first interview have we received an unfavourable impression, which subsequent acquaintance has compelled us to modify, or altogether to reverse! I say an *unfavourable* impression, for,

when our first impressions are favourable, they often prove in the end to be just, and, in any case, we need not regret them; it is when they are unfavourable, as they too often are, that they commonly prove to have been unjust. And then, if we have given these false impressions utterance, either by communicating them to others, or by letting them influence our own behaviour, we have done our fellow-man a wrong which no subsequent regard will be able to efface.

Therefore, I say, let us be careful not to rely on first impressions. The impressions themselves we cannot help; but they are not safe guides, and we need not be led by them. On the contrary we should be inclined to suspect them,—to suspect that it is the wrong side of ourselves which sees the wrong side of our neighbour, and that, if we saw truly, we should see that the fault is not so much in him as in our own blindness and conceit.

You may perhaps have heard from Harbhamji* that the Society of Lincoln's Inn requires, among other qualifications, that, before its members are called to the bar, they must be introduced, in three different terms, to the barristers at table after dinner. As the students pass down the table, any barrister present may object to any one of them whom he considers unworthy; and he may notify his objection either by plucking the student's gown or by tearing up his introduction certificate. I

* Kumar Shri Harbhamji of Morvi (younger brother of H. H. the Thakor Sahib of Morvi), formerly a student of the Rajkumar College, and afterwards of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated both in Arts and Law, and became a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. At present he is serving as an attaché to the Resident of Hyderabad, Deccan.

suppose this old custom of filing past the table 'to be looked at by those of the barristers who are curiously inclined,' is based on the belief that those who are admitted to the honourable profession of the Law (which above all other professions demands the strictest integrity and honour) must be respectable in outward appearance as well as in other respects : but nevertheless no candidate is ever rejected on account of his appearance alone. And this, of course, is quite just and right. Otherwise, some of England's greatest lawyers might have had no legal career at all, so liable is mere outward appearance, human beings being what they are, to deceive !

Human beings being what they are. For how difficult we find it to understand even our own moods thoroughly ! How much more difficult is it for us to understand the moods of others ! In temper, in training, in habits, in tastes, we differ widely one from another : and we ourselves differ from our own selves at different times, under different circumstances. It is common to say that he who makes voyages changes his sky but not his mind ; his nature cannot be changed by mere change of climate or of place. And that, of course, is so far true. But the over-wrought man who crosses the sea to obtain rest from work and quiet of mind may become, though his nature of course is the same, quite a new man by the rest and change. When overdone with worry and work, he may have been sullen, discontented, disagreeable, now, under new influences and relaxation, his temper may be genial, and sprightly, and kind. Those who have met

him under the different circumstances will probably have different impressions of his character; yet the man was the same, and the difference in his mood was due to surroundings which he could not control.

And it is the same with us all from day to day and from hour to hour. Some are naturally better than others; some are naturally brighter and kinder; some are naturally more unselfish; some are naturally cleverer. But in this we are all alike,—we are all affected by outward circumstances, and outward circumstances change. We have all in this world our temptations and trials, though of each the temptations and trials may be different. Therefore, as we cannot in every case know what the special temptations of our neighbour are, we ought to be willing in every case to make allowances for him. Some people, whose physical constitution is delicate, are very disagreeable when the wind is in the east. Yet these people cannot help the east wind, or the effect it produces on their tempers. If we meet such a person for the first time, we should probably be impressed with a wrong estimate of his real disposition, which may very likely be good and kind. And even, perhaps, his apparent ill-humour does not go deeper than a thin crust of manner. Similarly, all ill-health, all fatigue, acts on the temper through the body; and the effects are and must be apparent in a man's manner. So too, the sorrows and trials of life,—the loss of fortune, and the loss of friends,—may waste and wear the vigour of the best of us, tending to unnerve the strongest arm and to sour the sweetest spirit. And often these things have happened, when

we know nothing of them. The strong man is bleeding under his armour, and we see the expression of pain on his face, but we see not the wounds whence his sufferings come. So I say let us not judge hastily that a man is not good, because he is not happy.

And, likewise, in matters generally : let us never attribute motives to any one unless we are *sure* that those motives are true. Let us be very cautious in forming, and still more cautious in uttering, any opinion concerning those whom we do not know very well. Even after a life-time of knowledge we are liable to make mistakes in our own motives : how much more in the motives which actuate our neighbours ! We can never look into their private hearts ; and can seldom know their private concerns.

Above all, let us *think* of all men in a spirit of charity and of love. And let us act towards them in that spirit. I am convinced that what seems to be ill-nature proceeds in nine cases out of ten rather from physical weakness than from any vice of the heart ; and such ill-nature will often be corrected,—the false man will give place to the real one,—by a kind look or a gentle word. Here in Kattywar we often hear very unkind stories.* I do not know why people should find pleasure in circulating such cruel fictions : I imagine they are circulated in mere idle thoughtlessness ; for I should be very sorry to suppose that human nature, in Kattywar or elsewhere, is wilfully unkind. But many such stories I have known to be untrue ; and in all, or nearly all, there is, I am sure,

* I have referred to these stories before : pp. 35, 36.

some unkind exaggeration. Let us be careful not to believe them ; and never, in any case, to repeat them. If in any case, from personal knowledge, we have reason to think or fear they may be true, still let us be careful not to repeat them. The repetition can do no good ; it may very likely do much harm. Remember that a slander once out of your lips, even an unwilling slander, has gone from your power, and become public property,—a cruel contribution which you have added to the sum of ill-natured gossip.

We, who dare to think so meanly of others,—and to think at random, without reason or proof,—what shall we be able to answer, when arraigned for these libels, before the throne of God ? Love is the great thing : and loving work, which will keep our thoughts occupied with their own business : love to God and love to man. — We may think as badly of ourselves as we please,—the worse we think of ourselves the better,—but let us think as kindly as we can of our neighbours. If we *cannot* think kindly, let us be silent.



Our Most Gracious Empress.

Thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

Tennyson.

24th July.

OF late all our minds have been full of the Jubilee. The illustrated newspapers have abounded in pictures of our Queen-Empress, her life and her reign; and these you all have seen. There have been written descriptions, too; but these you may not perhaps all have read. But, at any rate, you know enough to ~~know~~ that the festival of this memorable year—which here too, in Rajkot, has been loyally celebrated—has not been without a great meaning for India as well as for all other parts of the Empire.

First, what does this word 'Jubilee' mean? It is derived from the Hebrew Yóbel, which means 'a ram's horn' or 'a ram's horn trumpet.' Thence it comes to mean 'the blast of a trumpet,' and especially 'that happy trumpet-blast' which, among the Jews, proclaimed the commencement of the glad fiftieth year, when all the bondsmen were set at liberty, all the debts were cancelled, all the lands which had been estranged from their former owners were restored. Hence, among the Jews, the word meant especially, The Happy Fiftieth Year of Liberation. Among other nations besides the Jews it

has come to mean any 'festivity,' whether associated with the idea of a term of fifty years or not. To us, in our Jubilee, the idea of Fifty has of course a marked significance: and this year is a year of thanksgiving and joy because it completes the fiftieth year of our great Queen-Empress's reign.

Now what do we *really* mean by that? Do we mean that a fifty-years reign is as happy as it is long, and therefore we rejoice? Do we mean that mere length of years is synonymous with happiness, that a long reign must of necessity be happy, whether it be good or not? Has not experience, in general, shown that a long reign is not often happy, and that a long reign, if it be not a good reign, has been a long misery to all who are concerned in it? And is it not true, in this special case, that our Empress's reign, though a good and great one, has not been an unbroken happiness to herself?

Then why all this thanksgiving?

Our Empress herself has answered these questions in her letter lately written to her Home Secretary. 'My enthusiastic reception,' she says, 'has shown that the labour and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which I spent in unclouded happiness shared and cheered by my beloved Husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials borne without His sheltering care and wise help, have been appreciated by my people.'

You see it has been the long life of labour and anxiety, the sorrows and trials as well as the happiness, the royal solitude, the heroic unselfishness, which during the

lapse of fifty years, have so wrought on millions of hearts that from the uttermost ends of the world the subjects of Her Majesty, and other peoples also, have been thankful to have this Jubilee occasion of giving expression to their long-pent admiration. In spite of that solitude, those sorrows, those trials, 'no Sovereign has ever maintained better the dignity of her Throne, or ever made a deeper impression upon the whole population of our planet.'* *This* is what our Jubilee means.

The whole British Empire is proud of its Empress, for it feels that in her it has a representative of all that is womanly, high, and refined, of that which most ennobles and purifies humanity. Her subjects feel too that, high as she is, she is still one with themselves; that her royal heart is linked with theirs by the bonds of mutual affection and sympathy. They know that she has loved them from the beginning, that she loves them still, that she will love them to the end; and they have given their love to her. *This* is what we mean by our Jubilee.

I should like to lay before you a few brief incidents of our Empress's life, beginning with a story of her early youth, as told by her governess, the Baroness Lehzen. It tells us how she learnt, for the first time, at the age of twelve, that she was the heiress presumptive to the throne. At that time, you know, her uncle was reigning, King William IV, who died childless, and whom she afterwards succeeded in June 1837. The Baroness had put a genealogical table of the Royal Family in the Princess's history book, and the Princess, Victoria, on open-

* *Spectator*, 18th June.

ing the history, remarked that she had not seen that table before. 'It was not thought necessary that you should see it,' the Baroness answered. 'I see,' said the Princess, 'I am nearer to the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, Madam,' replied the governess. After a short pause, the Princess answered, 'Now many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much of splendour; but there is more of responsibility.' As she spoke, she had lifted up her finger in an emphatic manner, and now she gave her hand to the governess, saying 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never learnt it; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it; but I understand all better now.' And then she repeated, 'I will be good.' The Baroness then said, 'But your Aunt Adelaide' (Queen of King William IV) 'is still young, and may have children, and of course they would ascend the throne after their father, William IV, and not you, Princess.' 'And, if it was so,' she answered, 'I should never feel disappointed, for I know by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me how fond she is of children.'

There you see her gentleness of heart combined with a dignified sense of the duties attaching to her exalted position. *I will be good.* Would that every young Chief in this College, who, in lower degree, will have to discharge responsible and difficult duties in life, would remember this example of his Empress, and strive to prepare himself in the best manner by mastering the

studies here set before him, and by striving to be good !

So she passed the days of her girlhood, trained in a simple but excellent manner, and under the wise care and constant companionship of her mother, the Duchess of Kent. She had just attained her legal majority—the age of eighteen—when she came to the throne.

She had not wasted her time. And when, soon after she had become Queen, her prime minister apologized for troubling her with a mass of State papers, she said that the attention required for such matters was to her but a change of occupation ; she had not before had a life of leisure, since it was not long since she had left off her lessons.

She was crowned, with great splendour, in the following year, on the 28th of June, in that same Abbey in which her Jubilee has just been so magnificently solemnized, and in February, 1840, she was married to her cousin Prince Albert, son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. From that time her life was a very happy one,—you may read some account of it in her own book, *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*, which Mr. Bhaunagri has translated into Gujarati,—till the sad event of the Prince Consort's death in December, 1861. The shadow of that great sorrow has clouded all her subsequent life, and, ever since she lost her Husband, our Empress has lived in comparative seclusion from the scenes of public life. She has shrunk from participating in royal exhibitions which can no longer be shared with him whose life was half her own. But not the less,

while mourning for her husband, she has sympathized with the sorrows and the wants of her people. They and their troubles have ever been uppermost in her royal heart. When, soon after the Prince Consort's death, an accident took place in a coal-mine by which a great number of miners were killed, she sent a message of 'tenderest sympathy to the poor widows and mothers,' saying that 'her own misery only made her feel the more for them.' If because of the loneliness of her heart, she has not lived openly among her subjects, ~~she~~ has not the less lived *for* them. She has ever been wise and considerate and just, ever sympathetic and kind, as well to the poor and lowly as to the noble and great. Indeed the remembrance of her Husband may be said to have consecrated her later life not only to him but also to her subjects. And the words of the great English statesman, Mr. Bright, were not less true than tender when he said that a queen who could so keep alive the memory of her husband in her heart would not be likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with her people.

Nor has she been wanting in sympathy with her people of India. Whenever a trouble occurs in this land, a message of sympathy comes from her. She delights to honour her Indian visitors; and we know how graciously she has just received those who have been deputed to offer the congratulations of Kattywar. Both she and all the members of her Family have ever shown the warmest interest in all that concerns the welfare and progress of her Indian people. We know what an interest she has taken in Lady Dufferin's noble efforts

to introduce skilled medical treatment into the zenanas: and indeed what an interest she has taken, generally, in all that concerns our Empire's good. And, as for the policy of her Indian government, we have only to read the Great Proclamation of 1859 to see how benevolent and just have been her intentions and those of her ministers not only towards those under her rule but also towards all Native States who, having a separate jurisdiction of their own, yet enjoy the great blessings of British protection and of British peace.

But it is not to our Empress in her public policy that I wish so particularly to draw your attention. It is rather to her private character, which has given to her public policy the power of a high and honoured name, which has enshrined the fame of Queen Victoria deep in the hearts of her loving subjects. And it is to this universal admiration and reverence of her personal attributes that last month's great Jubilee gave expression. 'From the furthest isles of the ocean, from Australia and Japan, from Chili and the Canadian cities, from every capital of Europe and most of the large cities of America, telegrams have come streaming in to congratulate Her Majesty, or to record festivals held in her honour. The President of the United States, the Emperor of China, and all European crowned heads have expressed their pleasure at the continuance of her reign, and their sympathy with her character.' I have taken these last two sentences from a recent number of the *Spectator*.* You see the respect and admiration have rather been paid to the Empress

* June 25th.

herself than to the character of her government. No doubt, her government has been very good, and good beyond all precedent. The progress of the last fifty years, both in England and in India, has been immense. There have been wonderful improvements in the Post Office, in the power and the use of steam, in telegraphs and telephones, and in the Suez Canal. The discoveries of science have done great things for the wealth and the comfort of mankind. And these things will be recorded in history ; will be recorded, no doubt, as the wonders of the great Victorian reign. But such things as these might happen in any reign, under any ruler. They are matters of civilization and government ; they are not matters of a ruler's personality. They do not impress human hearts. What impresses us is the personal example, and the personal goodness, of ~~our~~ Empress ; and it is this which the world will remember ; it is this to which all nations do homage now.

There is a Kingdom above earthly kingdoms, the Kingdom of Holiness and Love. It is the Kingdom of God, of which we all, governors and governed, are members. And he who in this world is placed in authority,—whether in imperial authority like our Empress, or in lower authority such as some of you may exercise,—must remember that he has a duty to God, the great King over all. Only in this way will he rightly be able to do his duty to man. Only in this way can he win for himself an honour which will endure. For the world and its pageants pass away : but the ruler who does the will of God abides for ever in the love of God and in the hearts of a grateful people.

Kindness to Animals.

The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

Wordsworth's Hart-Leap Well.

31st July.

OF the many invaders who without reason have deluged poor India's plains with blood, the bloodiest probably was Mahmood of Ghazní. And yet it is of *his* father, Sabuktagín, that the following touching story is told. Sabuktagín, though of royal descent, was at first the slave of Alptagín, the first king of Ghazní; but he must have been something more than a mere slave, for he married Alptagín's daughter, and succeeded him on the throne. However, in his youth he was poor, so poor that he had only one horse, and on this horse he spent much time in hunting on the plains round Nishápúr, the town where he then lived. It chanced one day that he saw a doe feeding, fearless of danger, with a fawn at her side; and spurring his horse he soon caught the fawn, and binding its legs, carefully laid it on the saddle before him. Then he went back towards the city. But, as he went, the poor doe followed, gazing after him in a piteous manner; and Sabuktagín's heart was

so moved with compassion that he let the fawn go free. Then the mother, overjoyed, returned with her young one to their glad free life in the fields, but still she kept glancing back at Sabuktagín, her great eyes brimming with gratitude and love. And that very night Sabuktagín beheld in a dream the glorious Prophet, who said ‘O Amir* Nasiru’ddin Sabuktagín, the tender mercy which thou hast shown towards a defenceless and unhappy creature has been accepted before God’s throne, and in the council-chamber of the One God thy name is inscribed on the roll of kings. Wherefore, thou must always behave in this same manner to all thy people, nor ever give up this quality of mercy : for kindness and compassion are a well-spring of blessedness both in this world and in the next.’

That is an old story, but I should be very sorry to think that it is wholly a fiction. It shows us, at any rate, in a truthful manner, the tender side of the Mahomedan creed, which lives, and must live, not by fire and force, but rather by deeds of compassion and love.

It has seemed to me a suitable story with which to preface to-day’s address; for I wish to speak to you to-day about kindness to the lower animals. This subject has been brought to our minds, because it has been proposed to establish a Kattywar branch of the Bombay Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The proposal was made by our friend Kumar Harbhamji, and it was worthy of his gentle character. The thing which appeared most to have struck him on his return from

* You see the Prophet called him ‘Amir’ in anticipation.

England was the lamentable want of consideration for the sufferings of the poor beasts of draught, horses and bullocks, which serve us so well on the public roads. And, beyond all doubt, he was right. There is certainly a terrible amount of cruelty, and, according to the religions of us all, of irreligious and culpable cruelty, in the way in which such animals are commonly treated in India. To me I must say it has always appeared an amazing inconsistency that in a land where the life of the cow-kind is regarded with peculiar reverence so little attention should be given to the sufferings of the miserable bullocks which are used for burden or draught. Have you not often seen these poor creatures, creatures of your specially sacred breed, with tails almost wrenched off by cruel drivers, or rendered useless on account of galled backs, or necks so chafed that they cannot bear the yoke? I think it is only true to say, though I am very sorry to say it, that, in the case of cows and bullocks, negligence, culpable cruel negligence, very often causes death where violence would be thought deadly sin. Yet surely a sudden death by violence would be far the more merciful of the two. If we must be careful to spare the cow's life, let us also be careful to spare her live sufferings. The same remark applies, with perhaps greater force, to the other and less sacred beasts of burden, to camels and horses and asses, and even to goats and sheep. How often do we see camels, horses and asses, after a half-starved life of labour, left alone to shift for themselves, so lank and weak that they hardly can stand, the helpless spectators of their own diseased skeletons. I

say that we have a duty to these animals who so faithfully discharge their duty to us, a duty of humane consideration and care, and if Harbhamji's effort should help us to realize that duty in the future more than in the past, gratitude will be due to him from us as well as from these dumb, patient clients whose advocate he has become.

I wish also to-day to speak of our duty to all the other animals, wild and tame, which here in India are so closely connected with our daily lives. It is wonderful to think how much we are with them, and yet how little we know of them! Some of them are our hourly companions, and more than companions,—our friends and our comforters. For there is in them a power of sympathy,—a power of selfless, if voiceless, communion,—which is hardly to be equalled in our human friendships. We cannot here in India make too much of these dumb companions. We can hardly tell how much they do for us. Every living creature about us, whether the lizards which haunt our walls, or the squirrels which make every tree a home, or the birds, or the bats, or even the insects,—perhaps I can hardly include the snakes, though many of them, too, are perfectly harmless,—let us have kindly feelings towards them all. But to those animals of which we make pets, which share more particularly our personal regard, let us be particularly kind. Every day let us think of them, and attend to their comfort. If we do, they will repay us, I am quite sure, with more faithful attachment; but without that, our kindness to them will repay itself. For kindness to them is one of those 'little nameless unremembered acts' which, as

the poet Wordsworth says, are 'the best portion of a good man's life.' Kindness to them will keep our hearts warm, and will help us to be better and kinder to our fellow-men. *Above all things, keep your heart warm : if I had nothing else to love I should make a pet of a cock-roach !* That advice was given to me, when I first came out to India, by one of the gentlest and wisest of judges that ever adorned the Indian Bench.* Let me give the same advice to you; let me say to you also, Keep your hearts warm. Be, like Sabuktagin, compassionate and kind. Never wittingly or needlessly cause any pain to these creatures, who are so much in your power, yet of whom you really know so little. Such tender behaviour would seem to be especially the duty of every good Hindoo, who believes that all animals are inhabited by souls not different in kind from the souls of men. At any rate, we may certainly say that they, like us, are God's creatures; they, like us, are created by Him, and are part of His world and His work. And whether *we* regard them or not, be sure *He* regards them with love and compassion, and holds us responsible for the way in which we treat them, His servants and ours.

Now what are we to say about sport? Do not we, when we go hunting or shooting, wittingly and needlessly cause pain to animals without any justifying cause? Originally, no doubt, hunting was practised as a lawful means of obtaining food. I say *lawful*; for it is a part of God's law that life should be supported by life; from

* Sir Laurence Peel, Chief Justice of Calcutta.

the lion which lives on the deer of the forest * to the lizard which preys on the moth of the wall. ગુણ ગુણ જીવ, life is the means of life; that is a natural law, which applies to man as to other creatures; and man, the head of created beings, may lawfully take other creatures' lives, if necessity arise, to use them as food.† Some tame animals must be so used, and some wild animals also, and if their death be instantaneous, if there be no deliberate cruelty, man is justified in taking their lives whether they be shot or otherwise sacrificed.

But all sport is not undertaken for food: what shall we say of hog-hunting, or the coursing of foxes and jackals? I think we shall find it impossible to argue that such sport is *not* cruel. I think we shall find it impossible to prove that such sport is often necessary.* Sometimes of course these animals, as vermin, may have to be destroyed for man's comfort, but this is not always, nor often, the case. In general, they are pursued for man's pleasure, and man's pleasure certainly means pain for them. Put yourself in the place of the hunted fox, or the wild boar surrounded by spears, and think what their feelings must be! Very much, I imagine, what yours would be, if pursued by a herd of infuriated elephants. Such sport must, I fear, be admitted to be cruel. But is it *justifiable* cruelty? † This is a question

* I am thinking here of our Gujarat lion which is found in the Gir Forest of Junagarh.

† See Dr. Bühler's *Munoo* (*Sacred Books of the East Series*), v. 28-30 (p. 173).

‡ As, for instance, war, which is certainly cruel, is justifiable under certain conditions.

which each one of us must answer for himself. There are many manly and excellent qualities, health and strength, perseverance and courage, quickness and dexterity of eye and limb, which are developed by means of sport; and some may think, and perhaps with reason, that, for the acquirement of such qualities, man may be allowed to give some pain to the inferior animals. Others may think, with the Jains and Buddhists, and with the Vaishnavas among the Hindoos, that nothing can justify the infliction of such pain. Each must decide for himself. Only, if we decide that sport is allowable, let us be careful not to pursue it in a cruel spirit; let us be careful to spare the life of the hunted creature whenever we can; and, like Sabuktagn, let us be kind.

There is another kind of so-called sport, which certainly does not deserve the name, and which has no ground of justification. I mean those cruel fights of the *ayudhi* between elephants, and buffaloes, and rams; and the contests between fighting partridges and cocks; which are as debasing to those who behold them as they are cruel to the animals themselves. I hope you will one and all set your faces against such unmitigated cruelty as that.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

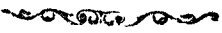
Before I conclude, let me add a few words in special commendation of the dog, who, from the very earliest

times, has been the companion and friend of man. You will find some true anecdotes about dogs in Mr. Wood's *Petland Revisited*, which, unless your hearts be made of stone, will certainly move them to tears. The book is in our Library. Especially, read the touching story of the little Scotch terrier called Médore on page 156.

No one, I am sure, who has kept a dog has ever been other than better for his company. The horse and the elephant may, I dare say, be his equals in sagacity; but the size of the dog has made him fitter for domestic association, and he claims a pre-eminence in the favour of man which dates from the dawn of history. Dr. Welldon, in speaking on this same subject to the boys of Harrow School, has alluded to 'the faithful hound' of Odysseus, with whose story 'the poetry of the world begins.' And surely there is no less meaning in the fact that in the Mahábhárata, an epic poem probably quite as old as the Odyssey, the story similarly ends with a dog, the faithful companion of the Five Pándoos. You remember how, after their sorrowful victory over their Cooroo cousins, when Krishna was dead, and Balaráma, and the iron age had now begun, Yudisthira and his brothers resolved to spend the rest of their days in retirement from the world. So they left their city with Dhruvadi and one faithful dog, and went towards the land of sunrise and through many countries; and then they journeyed southwards; and then towards the west, till they came to 'the ancient city of Krishna, now washed over by the ocean tide.' And then they turned towards the north, and still held on their way, till they reached the mighty

Himálaya and the purity of the eternal snows. And there they died, one after the other; but Yudisthira outlived his brothers and Dhrapadi, and the faithful dog alone was his companion to the end. And there, among the eternal hills, where peace and purity reign for ever, the faithful dog was admitted with his master into the joys of *swarga*.*

* This dog is supposed to have been an incarnation of Dharma rájá, the divine judge. But what dignity it gives to the nature of the dog that such an idea should have been conceived!



The Flowers of the Field.

I know I am grass of the lowly sod;
I know I am worthless and small
But am I not grass in the garden of God,
And is He not Lord of all?

Not only the nightingale singing on the rose-bush telleth his
beats to God, but even every thorn of the bush is a tongue to
declare His praise.

Saadi's Gulistan.

7th August.

 SPOKE last week of the animal world, by which we are so closely surrounded; and to-day I should like to invite your attention to the manifold beauties of the vegetable kingdom. And the consideration of such a subject seems especially suited to this monsoon season, when all nature is arrayed in her fresh green livery, and happy fields, flourishing with millets and cotton, seem suddenly as if by magic to take the place of the burnt barren plains which have wearied our eyes in the hot summer's glare. All nature appears as if it had suddenly awaked from the dead to new life and new joy: what a wonderful and beautiful transformation it is!

You may perhaps remember the passage in the *Vishnu Bhagwata* where the burst of the rains is poetically described as the blessing of Indra poured out upon Prithvi

in gladness and fertility. Grishma, the hot season, has, we are told, too long held tyranny over the earth, over beasts and birds and creeping things; so Indra comes forth to wage war with the tyrant. The thundering clouds are his kettle-drums, the lightning the flash of his sword, the long lines of white herons his glistening banners; the cries of the peacocks and frogs are his battle-bards, sounding the warriors' praise; the drops of rain are his arrows. Grishma discomfited flies from the field: and, after eight months of separation, Prithvi rejoices in the presence of her Rain-lord, who brings all fulness to the thirsty earth.

And indeed, whether we speak in poetry or in prose, we can hardly exaggerate the blessing of the monsoon. For we know, from our Political Economies, that all the wealth which the world possesses is derived from the vegetable products of the ground. Gold and silver, too, come from the ground, but what use or what value have gold and silver, if we have nothing to eat? Man's life depends on the annual crops; if there are no crops, men die of starvation. And the crops depend on the annual rain. Therefore we bless the monsoon.

But the rainfall does more than give us food; it clothes the earth with beauty and shade, from the smallest flower which lurks in the grass, from the tiniest lichen on the wall, to the mighty banyan which is indeed the Emperor of the vegetable world, and attains its greatest size here in India. The banyan is the grandest of the trees of the world, and not far from here we have, I believe, the largest banyan which the world has pro-

duced,—I mean the famous Kabîr Wad, about twelve miles up the Nerbudda from Broach. Mr. Forbes, writing more than a hundred years ago, describes this tree as ‘extending over a circumference of 2,000 feet,’ and it must be even larger now. It took me more than a quarter of an hour to walk round its outer stems ten years ago. And it must have an age of vast antiquity in proportion to its size. There is a tradition, mentioned by many writers, that the admiral of Alexander the Great encamped with his men under its shade; and indeed, if Alexander’s fleet ever sailed to Broach at all (which is very doubtful), there is nothing impossible in the story, so far, as the age of the tree is concerned. What a noble monument it is, and what wonderful stories it would have to tell us, if only it could speak! No wonder that men revere it as sacred, and regard it as one of Nature’s cathedrals.

But it is not only on account of its size that the banyan is interesting. Every leaf, every branch, every १३१४ (aerial rootlet) of it is a wonder and mystery, so that it is not too much to say that, if we thoroughly understood the banyan in all its parts, we should understand the whole mystery of life, we should know ‘what God and man is.’ I will only ask you one question. You know that generally trees bear flowers, first the flowers and then the fruits. The banyan tree bears fruits which we call २२१; but where are the flowers? Have you ever seen a banyan, or peepul, or any kind of fig-tree, in flower? I think you will answer that you have not. The reason is that the २२१ themselves are a mass of flowers, clustered

dium), so praised, and indeed deified, in the Veda. And yet in these degenerate days few Hindoos even know it by sight. It is very common here in Rajkot, and in all the *thor* bushes in our neighbourhood. This સોમલેશ, like other plants of its family, has winged seeds. The wings consist of soft downy tufts which, attached to the seeds, bear them along, like little balloons, through the air. And here is the ચૌકડી (Calotropis procera), a plant which grows wild all over India, from Cape Comorin to the Himálayas, which belongs to the same Asclepiad family: and it, too, has the same winged seeds. This is a plant which for us must always have a peculiar interest, for under its shade, as the story goes, the mighty Akbar was born. You remember how, when his father Humayoon was wandering forlorn in the deserts of Amarkot, his beautiful young wife bore him a son under the shade of this shrub of the desert, the only shrub (as the proverb tells us) which the camel of the desert refuses to eat. The word ચૌકડી comes from the Sanscrit ચક્ર, which means 'the sun.' No doubt this plant received its name from its five ray-like petals. And see here, close beside us, in this same hedge, is the પુરુષલેશ (Pentatropis microphylla), 'sun-creeper,' which is to be found entwined in all hedges in the months of July and August. It belongs to the same order as the ચૌકડી, and has flowers, very small ones, of the same five-rayed shape. The flowers are so small, and so inconspicuous, of a greenish-yellow colour, that I doubt if any of you have seen them, common as they are. You will not see them, unless you look for them. The રાતપીપ્પ (Cryptostegia grandiflora)

with its long whip-like shoots, and beautiful bell-shaped flowers, is also very common in this hedge, and the pretty અમારદુધેલી (*Dœmia extensa*), with its heart-shaped leaves, and the અરબોડી (*Leptadenia reticulata*), with its thick clusters of pendent green flowers. All these plants are of the same order, and are called Asclepiads, after Æsculapius, the Greek god of medicine. And they all have winged seeds, like the સોમવેલ; so that, when they are released from the ripe follicles, they fly away like little balloons and alight at a distance from the parent plant. So now perhaps you can guess the use of these feathered seeds. Nothing which Nature has contrived but has some use, whether we know it or not. And the use of these balloons attached to the seeds is this;—that they help to scatter the seeds, so that they may not all fall in one place and spring up together and choke one another. Other plants accomplish the same end by different means: some have hooks, or roughnesses or spines, which fasten themselves on passing objects, and so are carried to different places. You know the curious seed (વિંછી) of વિંછેડિયે (*Martynia diandra*), which, no doubt, has assumed that shape with a view to fastening itself in the hair or wool of passing animals, or even perhaps in men's clothes. Similarly, the rough burrs of અધેડે (*Achyranthes aspera*) and of ઝીપેડે (*Triumfetta rotundifolia*) catch hold, as we know, very easily of any passing body, and so are transferred to 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Similarly, by the colour and the sweetness of their fruits other plants attract birds to use them as food, and thus, when

the birds have eaten the fruits, the seeds are scattered some here, some there. Is not this wonderful and very interesting? If men in a town are overcrowded, they can have recourse to emigration; because men have the power of locomotion. But plants, which have not such locomotive power, are obliged to resort to other contrivances; and you see how ingeniously they do so.

Yet plants, though rooted in one situation from which they cannot move, have still a very remarkable power of moving their limbs, almost as if they had wills corresponding with the wills of men. For instance, touch this beautiful little feather-leaved plant *મિમોસા પુદિકા* (*Mimosa pudica*), the sensitive plant, spread out at your feet. You see all the leaflets shrink up at your touch, as if you had hurt the poor little thing's feelings. This mimosa belongs to the great Pea tribe. And there is another plant, *Biophytum sensitivum*,—I am not sure of its Gujarati name,—of the Geranium tribe, which does the same thing. It is a very pretty little plant, with yellow flowers, blossoming now, and I can show you it, if you please. The 'telegraph plant,' *Desmodium gyrans*, also a Pea, has the habit of jerking its leaves to and fro, in a nervous manner, when exposed to the sun. This plant is not, I think, to be found here; but I saw it the other day in Ceylon, and very curious it is to see. So too, if you touch the stamens of a cactus, they shrink up suddenly, as if ashamed. And what shall we think of the pretty little Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), a native of the Indian as well as English hills, which has slender and sticky threads on the upper sides of its leaves; and,

when a fly happens to alight on these threads, they suddenly curl up, and clasp it tight, until it dies and part of its body is absorbed into the plant for nourishment? And so this pretty and delicate plant is really a gay and cruel deceiver,—an animal-eating vegetable.

These remarkable facts appear to indicate that plants have nerves like those of animals. I say *appear*, for this motion of plants has not yet been thoroughly explained. At any rate, plants have organs similar to nerves, which can also be similarly soothed as well as irritated. If opium be sprinkled on a sensitive plant, it is no longer sensitive: it appears to be paralysed.* Is not this very strange?

And there are a hundred other things which are equally strange in the vegetable world, if only we have eyes to see them. For instance, it is known to all who have eyes that all flowers are not open all day; each flower has its own time of opening, one early in the day, another late; some, like 'the moon-creeper,' only at night, and not in the day at all. And so the botanists of some countries have arranged flower-clocks, by which each hour can be known by the flower which blossoms in it. Every hour has its flower. So perhaps, if clocks had not been invented, we might have paid more attention to gardens as means of indicating the time. In this way, as in a thousand other ways, plants might be made useful as well as ornamental.

The uses of plants are indeed numerous, beyond all our powers of admiration. You know that, besides our

* Pouchet's Universe.

food, nearly all our medicines, including quinine, are derived from plants : and how useful they are for timber and cordage, and for the supply of a thousand other articles of our daily need. Take, for example, the cocoanut, and think what that palm-tree alone does for man. It gives milk and wine to those who dwell near it; its kernel supplies them with food; the walls of their huts are made of its stem, the roof of its leaves. Its leaves supply also umbrellas and hats for shelter from the sun. Its fibre makes cloths, and mats, and sails, and excellent ropes which do not rot in water. And its delicate oil is as useful for lamps as for purposes of food!

I have been carried away by this subject till I hardly know where to stop; and I could go on with my gossip for hours, for the subject is infinite. But our time has limits. Before I conclude, I should like you to wander with me a few steps further on, to admire these beautiful creepers of the Vine order, the *ಮುಳ್ಳುಮರ* (*Cissus carnosa*), which grows everywhere, and the *ವಿನೆ* (*Vitis Indica*) with its magnificent leaves and grape-like clusters of rich round berries. And see, at a little distance from the hedge, that lovely little lily, the *ಫಲಾಂಗಿಯು* or *ಫಲಾಂಗಿ* (*Phalangium tuberosum*),—as Roxburgh says, very like an English ‘snow-drop,’—which has its ‘bunch of grapes’ underground in the thickly-clustered bulbs of its root. And, above all, towering up through the hedge, admire the glory of the *ಸಿಗ್ನೇಟರಿಯ* *ವರ್ನಾ*, with its splendid flowers and clasping leaves, which possesses the power of changing its colour from yellow at first to

orange and then from orange to red. The changeable rose (*Hibiscus mutabilis*) and the લાલ ચમૈલિ (*Quisqualis Indica*) similarly blush from white to pink, and from pink to red. Here, too, are some fine convolvuluses: the rich white ફાંડ (Rivea ornata) covering trees with its large showy flowers, and the નસોતર (*Ipomoea turpethum*), much used in medicine, and so called because its stems are triangular, with three nerves or wings. There is also the huge સમુદ્રવેલ convolvulus (*Argyrea speciosa*), called in English 'the elephant creeper,' with its fine light-purple flowers, and gigantic climbing stems which botanists name 'lianas.' Here it is vulgarly known as the સમદરમુલ. It, too, is used in medicine.

Now, to descend from the huge and the high to the lowly and small but equally lovely, look at this little plant at your feet with bright blue stars glistening shyly from their cradle of feathering leaves: is it not very beautiful? It was mentioned the other day in a speech by Sir Elphinstone Grant-Duff, late Governor of Madras, who spoke of it with much admiration, and compared it with the English 'Speedwell.' It has always reminded me more of the 'Eyebright,' which grows on the English downs. It is the રૂચડી, or hairy one, because of its hairy leaves; and botanists call it *Evolvulus hirsutus*,—*Evolvulus*, not *Convolvulus*, because it rolls out upon the ground, and does not twine up and round other plants, as the rest of its family do. There is another little herb, very common in our garden-plots in the cold weather, and very common in England also, whose Gujarati name I cannot discover. In Eng-

land we call it the Pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*). It rejoices my heart when I see it here in flower, every year, in January and February. The only difference between our pimpernel and the English one is that the latter is commonly red, while ours is always blue.* It is a little cosmopolitan of the vegetable world as the sparrow is among birds. You may know it by its flower-stalks curving inwards and downwards as soon as its flowers wither. But I must not run on any further.

Now, why have I given you to-day this long rambling discourse on the subject of plants? Because I am anxious, if I can, to interest you in these and other of the beautiful works of Nature. I believe you will find in such objects of pursuit an immense addition to the pleasures of life; and a means of innocent and charming recreation, which will lift you above paltry thoughts of yourselves, and raise you to Nature, and Nature's God. For of Nature, says Wordsworth,

'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all that we behold
Is full of blessings.

* The English *anagallis* is sometimes blue also.

Thus Wordsworth has beautifully written of Nature ; and his words are not less true than beautiful. ' Nature,' as he also tells us, ' never did betray the heart that loved her' ; and, when your thoughts are near to Nature, they will not, I believe, be far from God.



Play.

Pray for a healthy body and a healthy mind ; stout heart that fears not death, but counts the end of life a gift of nature ; able to bear its toils, patient, content, preferring Hercules' labours to lust and appetite and luxury.

Maclean's Juvenal, Sat. X, 356-362.

14th August.

AT the time when this College of ours was first opened, there was nothing, I think, in our system which evoked more adverse criticism than our encouragement of games. There appeared to be a dominant idea in the public mind that a College, being a place of study, should be a place of study only, and that any time given to vigorous play must be so much time wasted or misapplied. I am not sure that a suspicion of that sort is not still lurking in some people's minds ; but, in general, I am glad to see, both in our schools and Colleges, that far more attention is given than formerly to open-air sports and physical exercises. The last fifteen years have witnessed a marked change in this respect throughout India ; and it is a change, I am sure, which is for the public good.

For none of us supposes that a man is all he can be, and should be, through his intellect alone. No one even supposes that the training of mind is all that is needed

in the training of man. But, even if it were so, the energy of the intellect is so closely connected with the health of the body that the development of our muscular powers—not excessively, but to a reasonable extent—is a necessary aid to the proper development of our mental faculties.

For man is a compound of many ingredients, of which the intellect is indeed an important one. But it is the combination of all these ingredients—not the intellect alone by itself—which makes what we call a man's character. And it is the perfect character which makes the perfect man. Therefore the object of all our training,—which is to make you good as well as learned,—should be to develop every part so that the whole may be harmonious and complete. And we believe that towards this object games of prowess and strength and skill contribute very considerably. For while they strengthen the muscles they strengthen also the mind and character.

And indeed in the earliest ages of the world this fact appears to have been well recognised. The demi-gods and heroes of the oldest religions are not only types of moral excellence, but also of perfection of athletic development and of beauty of form. Râma is not only the great and the good; he is also the archer whose shafts never miss. The five Pândoos, though distinguished each by special attributes,—Yudisthira for piety, Arjuna for bravery, Bhîma for strength, Sahadeva for astrology, Nakul for mastery in cattle and horse breeding,—were all alike famous for feats of prowess and athletic

skill. The old Persians, we are told, summed up the main objects of their education in these three points: (1) Shooting with the Bow, (2) Riding, and (3) Speaking the Truth: and, similarly, you will find in your old religious books many precepts exhorting to bodily exercise 'as giving strength, courage and endurance, and as warding off indigestion and other ailments to which the unexercised flesh is heir.*

The practice of archery as a salutary exercise, so frequent in the days of old, as we see from the ancient Aryan epics as well as from those of the Persians and Greeks, has generally fallen into disuse since the bow has ceased to be a weapon of war: but riding, as it was practised of old, continues to be practised to this day, as, let us hope, it will continue to be practised to the end of time. If men were to give up equestrian exercise, and take to riding bicycles and tricycles only, I am afraid that much moral nerve and strength would be lost by the change. Perhaps of all solitary exercises riding is the best. And, in one sense, it is not a solitary exercise, for the horse is a sort of companion: a sympathy arises between horse and rider which must, I think, be wholesome for both. In addition to the advantage of rapid locomotion, no exercise gives such elation to the spirit, at the cost of so little fatigue to the body, as a good gallop over the fields. And a student, who has enjoyed such exercise, will certainly study the better for it. Our mounted drill has more in it than that; for it teaches us to act together, each in his own proper place, and shows

* The Ayurveda; from the Shukla Yajurveda.

us, in a manner well suited to the special genius of this province, the value of orderly movement, and rhythmic combination. And of course our games of tilting and tent-pegging tend to increase our courage and nerve, and to develop manual dexterity and accurate judgment of eye. These are exercises native to India of old; as also is Polo, an excellent sport, demanding in the highest degree the promptitude of a fearless horseman combined with a calm and practised judgment. In India of old, too, much attention was paid to the feats of the gymnasium: to wrestling, boxing, and the dexterous use of *mugduls*, or Indian clubs. You remember, for instance, how the Pándooos and Cooroos were all trained together in the feats of the gymnasium, and how the former excelled the latter in these as well as in all mental accomplishments. And these gymnastic exercises, also, are excellent of their kind; and perhaps they are the very best kind, if mere hardening of our muscles be the object in view. On the whole, I must say that, if modern India had maintained the practice of ancient India, and especially the practice of the ancient Rájpáts, in the matter of out-door sports of prowess, she would not have had much to learn in these days from the nations of the West. But the Aryan prowess is not what it was, and some of the old Aryan sports have gone with it.

I have only said this to show that in our English encouragement of out-door sports there is nothing which conflicts with the national ideas or usage of India at her best. The spirit which animates English games is the spirit which animated the Aryans of old.

A great authority on education has told us that 'the exchange of study for sport has the twofold advantage of muscular exercise and agreeable play. To pass from anything that is simply laborious to the indulgence of a taste or liking, is the fruition of life. To emerge from constraint to liberty, from the dark to the light, from monotony to variety, from giving to receiving—is the exchanging of pain for pleasure. This, which is the substantial reward of labour, is also the condition of renovating the powers for further labour and endurance.*'

Now games and sports, besides being agreeable as relaxations from mental effort, also teach us many things which cannot be acquired by mere labour of the mind. I have spoken already of the generalship, the cool head as well as the firm hand and eye, which are required for Polo. And to that we may add the quality of fairness, which games teach us better than anything else. We cannot cheat in games of prowess. The whole meaning of the game goes, if we do. Absolute fairness, the necessity of impartial justice to both sides alike, is a condition without which games cannot be played at all. This is the reason why at cricket no one is allowed to dispute the umpire: and, whatever we may think of the hardness of our luck, it is often very good for us to have to subordinate our own opinion to that of another. And this, I think, is often the reason why little boys require more superintendence in their games than older youths who have more sense and more force of character; little

* Bain's 'Education as a Science,' p. 46.

boys often cannot resist the temptation to cheat, or to lose their temper, when the game is going against them; and then they begin to wrangle and quarrel, and thus the game is spoilt.

So one of the chief merits of games is that they teach us to keep our tempers. For, if we lose our temper, we are much more likely to lose the game. That we know from our experience of cricket. The best way always, under adverse circumstances, is to work hard, and to hope and keep cool; never to relax in effort, never to be angry, never to despair. There is a capital description of a cricket match in an English book, about Rugby School life, *Tom Brown's School Days*, from which I will read you an extract. It sets vividly before us a scene, with the like of which we have all been familiar. The Eleven, of which Tom Brown is the Captain, are out in the field, and a powerful opponent has just come in, so that they all find they 'have got their work to do now.' 'The new-comer's off-hitting is tremendous, and his running like a flash of lightning. He is never in his ground except when his wicket is down. Nothing in the whole game so trying to boys: he has stolen three byes in the first ten minutes, and Jack Raggles (the longstop) is furious, and begins throwing over savagely to the further wicket, until he is sternly stopped by the Captain. It is all that young gentleman can do to keep his team steady, but he knows that everything depends on it, and he faces his work bravely. The score creeps up to fifty, the boys begin to look blank, and the spectators, who are now mustering strong, are very silent. The ball flies off the batsman's

bat to all parts of the field, and he gives no rest and no catches to any one. But cricket is full of glorious chances, and the goddess who presides over it loves to bring down the most skilful players. Johnson, the young bowler, is getting wild, and bowls a ball almost wide to the off; the batter steps out and cuts it beautifully to where cover-point is standing very deep, in fact almost outside the ground. The ball comes skimming and twisting along about three feet from the ground; he rushes at it, and it sticks somehow or other in the fingers of his left hand, to the utter astonishment of himself and the whole field. Such a catch has not been seen in the close for years, and the cheering is maddening. 'Pretty cricket,' says the Captain, throwing himself on the ground by the deserted wicket with a long breath; he feels that a crisis has passed.

How often we have felt the same, when some one has luckily been caught, or bowled, just when we feared we could never get rid of him. And how well we can all enter into that scene; for human nature is much the same in Rajkot as in Rugby.

'What a noble game cricket is!' exclaims one of the Rugby masters to Tom Brown afterwards when the School Eleven are batting,—'the discipline and reliance on one another which it teaches is so valuable, I think; and it ought to be such an unselfish game. It merges the individual in the Eleven; he doesn't play that he may win, but that his side may.' 'That's very true,' said Tom, 'and that's why foot-ball and cricket, now one comes to think of it, are such much better games than fives or hare-and-hounds

or any others where the object is to come in first or to win for oneself, and not that one's side may win!' 'And then the Captain of the Eleven!' said the master, 'what a post is his in our School-world! almost as hard as the Head-master's; requiring skill and gentleness and firmness, and I know not what other rare qualities.'

I do not think that is an exaggeration of the moral advantages of cricket. Cricket is, perhaps, the king of all games; and we shall do well to practise it. And I am very glad to find that it is becoming as popular as it deserves to be in Kattywar. But there are other good out-door games also, and we shall do well to practise them all. He who has learnt self-command at school, 'to keep his team steady' and 'to face his work bravely,' will surely be fitter in after life to hold a position of command among men. Whatever develops skill, gentleness, firmness, unselfishness, patience, and self-control, in addition to the health and activity of the body, must surely be well worthy of our attention. If you work hard during the hours of school, and during the hours of preparation, no one, I am sure, can reasonably grudge you the hours which you spend in that kind of play. Indeed it would be hard to say how you could spend your leisure hours better. For in hours so spent you will learn lessons such as no school-instruction can give,—the lessons of self-reliance, calmness and courage; and of many other excellent qualities, which will better fit you to discharge the duties, and to face the difficulties, which the future must bring.

Home.

Heaven's Light our Guide!

21st August.*

I SPOKE to you at the beginning of this term of your privileges and duties here in this College. Now the term is about to close and before another week commences you will have gone to your homes. So I wish to speak to you to-day of the privileges and duties of Home: and may God help me to speak as I wish on this very important subject!

Your hearts are all over-brimming with joy in the thought of meeting with your friends and returning to those happy haunts of your childhood which you love so well. And this joy is most natural and right. It is a very blessed thing. Family love, and the love of home, is one of the purest and noblest feelings which stir the human heart. And perhaps it is not the least of the benefits which you derive from this College that the temporary separation from your loved ones helps you to realize their love the more deeply, and to value the more those inestimable blessings which the one word 'Home' implies. A father's goodness, a mother's tenderness, the unselfish devotion of brothers and sisters,—what is there, my friends, in all the world that we can value more? These are the blessings of home; of the humblest home as well as of the highest; and for these we may, one and all, thank God.

* Last Sunday of monsoon term, 1887.

And you especially, my friends, have reason to thank our Heavenly Father because the homes which He has given you are, or should be, of the highest kind,—homes of comfort and prosperity, homes of honour and respect, homes of high duty and wide opportunity, centres from which your light may shine forth to give happiness and help to all who dwell round you. Each Darbar is, as it were, *the* Home of all the other homes which surround it.

Your return to such a home after a term of work and discipline here in the College must indeed be delightful not only to you, but equally so to those who love you. I have known myself what such delights are: I know that they are very great. I want you to enjoy them to the full; and therefore I want you to consider with me, for a few quiet minutes on this our last Sunday, how the vacation may best be enjoyed, or, in other words, how it may best be employed.

Vacation, as you know, means the vacant time, or the time of leisure. It means that you have rest from work. Such rest is good, and even necessary, both for the body and the mind: we cannot keep up the strain of work, especially mental work, without cessation. If we have spent the term in an honest and earnest endeavour to do our duty, we shall all be the better for the rest and relaxation of the holidays.

But remember that rest and relaxation will not be found in wasting your time: much less will they be found in evil indulgence, or in selfishly seeking to please yourselves, while you give pain or annoyance to others.

Many of you, I fear, when you go home, must be in great danger of being spoilt; those from whom you have long been absent are naturally pleased to welcome you back, and perhaps their loving desire to humour you may lead you to treat them with less consideration, or less respect, than they deserve. This is the danger of home-life after a life at school; the danger is probably very much greater than if you had always remained at home, and not been at school at all. Your sense of release from the discipline of school may easily lead you to tyrannize at home, where all, from the highest to the lowest, are zealous to make your holidays pleasant. And so, perhaps, you abuse their kindness; perhaps you are rude or disobedient to your parents, or quarrelsome with your brothers and sisters, or harsh and ill-tempered towards the servants who are so ready to do your bidding. And, perhaps, you may do worse even than that: perhaps you may use the freedom of home to follow low and evil counsellors, forsaking the advice of your parents, forsaking the lessons you have learnt in this place, forsaking the path of virtue and duty, and forsaking God. And so, perhaps, you may be entangled, even in the short space of a few weeks—for progress in sin, I am sorry to say, is down a very easy incline—in the filthy meshes of intemperance and debasing sensuality. Such a course as that is certain,—as certain as that I am speaking to you now,—to make your holidays not a time of happiness, but a remembrance of bitterness and shame. I do not say that it *has been* so; but I think I am right to caution you that it *may be* so, unless you take care.

Therefore I caution you, Do not be idle. Rest and relaxation, I have said, will not be found in wasting your time. Here, in the College, you live under rule, and you live in comparative safety: in your homes, that you may enjoy them aright, I advise you; to make rules for yourselves. Resolve to spend a certain part of every day in a certain manner; and resolve never to associate with any but those who are worthy and good. I think you will find that three or four hours of regular reading every day—and there are many amusing books in Gujarati which you may read with great profit—will help the days to pass very pleasantly, much more pleasantly than if you read nothing. I do not ask you to study in the vacation as you study in College, but to read those things which especially interest you,—they may be natural history, or sport, or science, or poetry, or romance,—and for which, when here, you have less opportunity. Some of you who heard me a fortnight ago have promised, during this vacation, to make a collection of the plants which grow wild about your homes. And of this I am very glad. For, in so doing, you will be reading the best of all books, the book of Nature, which, the more we read it, the more excites our interest and love: and yet we can never read it all through! I think you may also wisely give a good part of each day, morning and evening, to the enjoyment of out-door exercise; and I hope you will encourage in your homes the practice of those healthy sports and pastimes which you have learnt here in the College. In this way, between pleasant reading and exercise, a good part of each day will be passed,

and you will, no doubt, spend the remainder in the society of your relations and friends. Now in such society, and at all times, be humble and gentle and kind; and think of others before yourselves. Do not, because you have seen some things here which may not be seen in your homes, behave, in your ignorance, as though you had acquired some superior sort of knowledge; but show that you are a real Rajkumar, and worthy of a Rajkumar College, by being submissive and gentle and modest, by denying yourselves for the sake of others, and by living to make all about you happy. Then your holidays will indeed be a blessing, and blessed to yourselves: you will be loved and honoured of all: and so, when you return to College, your fame (as Humayoon wished for Akbar) will linger like the sweet odour of musk round the precincts of your home. Happy indeed would it be for this College, if each of its Kumars should be like that!

Make, then, these three home-rules for yourselves: (1) To divide your time carefully: (2) To associate only with those who are good and worthy companions: (3) To be unselfish and gentle and modest, alike to your superiors, inferiors and equals.

And how are you to do this? That question brings me to the more serious side of my subject. For its answer is,—By communion with God. And I think that vacation time more than any other should be to you a time of prayerful meditation. I should be very sorry to think that you have no time for such things in College; but home for each one of us is the centre, the source and the cradle,

of religion ; it is the connection of religion with our homes which gives it, as a rule, so much hold on our minds. Every one naturally clings to his religion, as he clings to his mother, as he clings to his home. So, at least, it seems to me. Only let me add this. Let us, each one, be careful that we cling only to that which is holy, to that which is divine ; for then only, whatever faith we profess, can we be true to ourselves and to God.

This brings me face to face with a great difficulty, and a great mystery, which I cannot explain. I can only find comfort in the knowledge that the difficulty is known to God, to your God and mine, and that He knows all. I mean, of course, the difficulty of speaking on the subject of religion, when you belong to one religion, and I to another. I would, God knows, that we all were one, that you were as I am, in this matter. Nevertheless I cannot but believe that He, whose sun shines on all out of heaven, whose voice is the light and the guide of all hearts, is not one for you and another for me, but one and the same for all men. His Love is sufficient for us all, so long as we serve Him heartily, and strive to lead pure and holy lives as in His pure and holy sight. And so, in accordance with this conviction, I ask you to try to live near to God, and to ask Him to help you to do what is right, all through these holidays.

In conclusion, I should like to give you, for a holiday meditation, a few beautiful words from an old Christian writer, which I think you will admire as much as I do. I think, too, that they are not less applicable to your case than to mine. Please consider them well.

Without love the exterior work profiteth nothing ; but whatsoever is done of love, be it never so little or contemptible in the sight of the world, becomes wholly fruitful.

For God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much.

He doeth much, that doeth a thing well.

He doeth well that rather serveth the community than his own will.

He that hath true and perfect love, seeketh himself in nothing : but only desireth in all things that the glory of God should be exalted.

*He also envieth none : because he affecteth no private good ; neither will he rejoice in himself ; but wisheth above all things to be made happy in the enjoyment of God.**

* Thomas à Kempis. First Book : Chap. XV.



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